

THE
INSPECTOR.

[Price One Shilling.]



THE R
INSPECTOR.
Containing a COLLECTION of
ESSAYS and LETTERS
Lately published in a
NEW DAILY-PAPER,
CALLED,
The London Daily Advertiser,
AND
LITERARY GAZETTE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. SHROPSHIRE, in New-bond-street; S. BAKER, in Russel-street, Covent-garden; L. DAVIS, in Fleet-street; J. WARD, in Cornhill; R. GRIFFITHS, in St. Paul's Church-yard; J. FLETCHER, in Oxford; and T. MERRILL, in Cambridge. MDCCCLI.

*** *The above-mentioned News-Paper, besides the most authentic Occurrences of the Day, is constantly supplied with a Letter or Dissertation on the most useful or entertaining Subjects, viz. Morality, Natural-History, Pieces of Humour and Entertainment, or Accounts of the Contents and Merits of the various new Productions in the Literary World.*

Those Ladies and Gentlemen who chuse to take in the LONDON DAILY ADVERTISER, may depend on being regularly served every Morning by the Hawkers of the other News-Papers, any-where within the Bills of Mortality.

N. B. All Coffee-Houses and Publick-Houses may be supplied in the same manner.

THE
INSTITUTE
COLLECTING A COLLECTION OF
ESSAYS AND LETTERS

TO WHICH IS APPENDED A HISTORY

OF THE BRITISH LIBRARY

CAPTIVE

THE LONDON DAILY ADVERTISER

AND

LITERARY SETTLEMENT

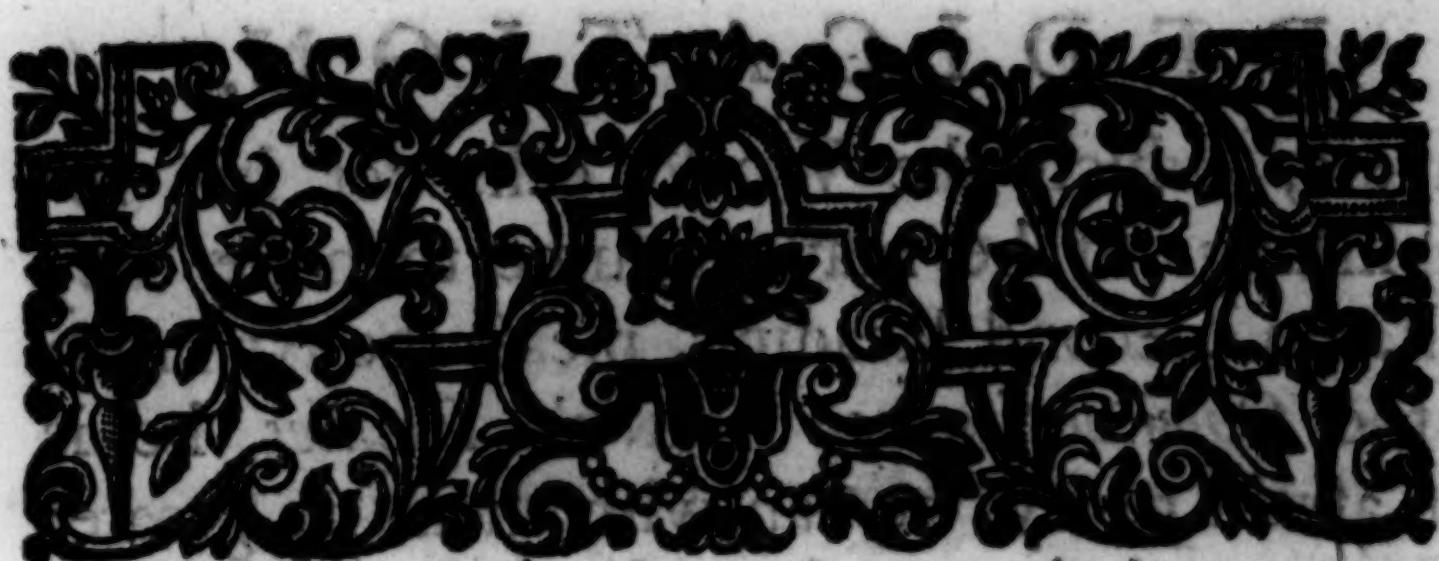


W. O. W.

London, 1800.
Printed for W. Sharpe, in Pall-Mall; &
for R. Dodsley, in Pall-Mall; G. and J. Bell,
in Fleet-Street; J. Ward, in Cornhill; F. Gurney,
in Pall-Mall; C. and J. Hatchard, in Oxford-Street; and
T. Martell, in Cambridge. MDCCCL.

This is the second edition of the
LITERARY SETTLEMENT, which was first
published in 1800. It contains a
collection of the best specimens of
Literary criticism, and is intended
as a companion volume to the
LITERARY SETTLEMENT, published
in 1800. The present edition
contains a great number of
new and interesting articles,
and is intended to supersede
the former edition.

London, 1800.
Printed for W. Sharpe, in Pall-Mall; G. and J. Bell,
in Pall-Mall; C. and J. Hatchard, in Oxford-Street; and
T. Martell, in Cambridge. MDCCCL.



Below on the left side of the title page.

TO
The RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
EARL of ORREY.

My LORD,

* * * * * AVOURS to Authors, particularly when conferr'd on them as such, are apt to entail a troublesome kind of Gratitude. The Person, who has received them, cannot content himself with paying his Thanks in private: The World must be informed of a Circumstance so much to his Advantage.

It is on this common Principle, my LORD, that the *Inspector*, a Person who owes the Honour of being known to your LORDSHIP to his having appeared in that Character, begs Permission to lay at your LORDSHIP's Feet some Papers,

DEDICATION.

Papers, which the World calls for his re-publishing: If he may presume to hope they will, on a second Reading, please the AUTHOR of the *Observations on PLINY's Epistles*, he is not afraid to say, he can wish them no greater Recommendation to the rest of the World.

I have the Honour to be, with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most Obedient

and most humble Servant

THE INSPECTOR.



THE

INSPECTOR.

NUMBER I.

WHILE the Papers of Intelligence, numerous as they are at present, are all on so similar a Plan, that they appear but as Transcripts of each other, it will naturally be asked, Where can be the Necessity of a NEW ONE? If those already published came up to the Expectations of the Public, it would be a sufficient Reason why *this* should never have been attempted: But it is not the Number, but the Merit, of Pieces of a like kind, that should prevent the establishing a NEW ONE; and the Weight of that Circumstance, we apprehend, is not sufficient to turn the Scale against us. A Periodical Paper can only please while it entertains; nor is there any Way for it to meet with Success, but by deserving it: If this shall appear to have some Degree

gree of that Claim to the Attention of the Public, it would be unnecessary to entreat a favourable Reception; if that Recommendation be wanting, it would be idle in us to attempt it.

Custom has established it as the present Plan of a Paper of this kind, that it consist of three distinct Parts; *An Introductory Dissertation, Articles of Intelligence, and Advertisements.* The First is always intended to have some Entertainment, the Second some Truth, and the Third some Business: How judiciously these several Intentions are carried into Execution by the present Writers of this Class, there needs but the casting a cursory View over any one of their Publications to determine. The great Use of daily Intelligencers of this kind is to be the Conveyances of Truth; but surely it is not too much to suppose, that the Man who reads an Account of his own Death in a Paper of To-day, will pay little Credit to the Assertions of To-morrow.

We have long been disappointed Readers of our present Papers; and that Circumstance is one of our great Motives for becoming Writers. As seeing Errors is allowed to be one great Step toward mending them, and the knowing what ought to be done, is some Approach toward the doing it, we flatter ourselves that we shall be able to shun, at least, the more visible and glaring Defects of the present News-writers; and as to the less gross and capital ones, some of which it is almost unavoidable to escape, we shall endeavour to balance them by an Attention to Particulars of Moment, which seem never to have entered into the Thoughts of these Writers to suppose they had any Concern with.

Wc

We would be ambitious to make this Paper, in time, the general Chanel of Literature and Amusement: New Books of Merit, and every Improvement of useful Science, together with the modern Occurrences of any Degree of Importance, will be the principal Objects of its Attention. The Introductory Essay will always be devoted to the one or the other of these Articles; and as Observations of this kind can never be so agreeable as while the Objects of them are new, the principal Books advertised for the Day, and the more important Transactions of the two or three preceding ones, will naturally claim a Preference.

As to our Account of Books, Impartiality is the sole Principle we set out with: We shall animadvert with Candour on every learned or ingenious Performance at home or abroad; but we shall never be fond of Censure: The Reader will also be pleased to remember, that, from our not mentioning a Book, it is not always to be presumed that it is void of Merit. We have, on this Plan, established Correspondences at both the Universities; and we hope to recommend ourselves to the Book, or reading Societies, which a laudable Curiosity has established in most of the considerable Towns in *England*. Among the Multitude of Books that are daily published in this inquisitive Age, it will be of some use to the World to be informed of what are worth Notice, before they devote the most precious of all things, their Time, to the Perusal of them; and it cannot but be some Advantage to us, that we shall do this almost immediately, not postpone what we have to say till the Period of the Month, when the Informa-

tion will cease to be new, or the Pieces, perhaps, forgotten that it regards.

It has long been wished, by the Literary World, that some one Paper could be established in which every Publication might be found, and the Trouble of searching ten or a dozen News-Papers, on this Occasion, avoided : Something towards this will be done, in the Notice we shall take of all the Pieces that are most worthy of it, in the Introductory Part of this Paper ; and if, as it is hardly to be doubted, the Proprietors of Copies join in our Scheme, *that* will be immediately bringing it to Perfection. We are not chimerical enough in our Imaginations, to suppose this will be done merely in favour of our Performance ; but we cannot but think it the Interest of those we should in a great measure owe it to, as much as our own. *Where* every Book was professedly to be advertised, every Reader of Books would look for the Advertisement ; and the Difficulty that attends the getting these Advertisements into some of the present Papers, and the little Consequence of doing it in others, will, we presume, tend greatly to recommend this Proposal to the Booksellers in general.

With regard to the other Part of our Province, Amusement, the Means of it will fall more immediately in our own Way, and we shall be careful not to misapply them. There are a Multitude of Articles that regard the Polite World, and their Entertainments, which are not the least interesting in their Kind ; but which never yet have appeared as Part of the Intelligence of the Day : These we shall search after among the Assemblies of the Great, and at the Amusements of the Gay ; at Routs and Assemblies,

at

at Masquerades and Ridottoes, at Operas and at the Playhouses, at *Ranelagh*, and at that *politeſt of all polite Places*, Mr. *Broughton's Amphitheatre*: What we fairly meet with, we shall freely impart; and as *Plato* is said to have brought down Philosophy from Heaven to dwell with Men on Earth, we shall attempt to bring Entertainment from the Parties of the Great to People less exalted above the common Level of Mankind. We imagine that the losing a Heart at a Ridotto, may be as important an Article, as the picking a Pocket at *Hockley in the Hole*; or the Contest of two Belles for a Lover at *Ranelagh*, as a Walking-match in the *Artillery Ground*.

As to Advertisements, we shall be ready to receive those of all Kinds; and if a Lady have lost her Lap-dog, or a Lover his Mistress; a Virgin her Heart, or a Choice Spirit of the Age his Modesty; we shall not fail to make the Loss sufficiently conspicuous, and, by our secret Intelligence, very probably retrieve it.

Such is the Plan we have laid for a Paper, which, we hope, the Public will find worthy of their Encouragement. How we shall succeed in the Execution of it, the Reception it meets with will sufficiently inform us. Thus much we will venture to affirm, That though it is not in our Power to command Success, our utmost Endeavours shall be to deserve it.

THE INSPECTOR. [Nº 2.]

HERE never was an Age in which the
Business of Title-pages was so accurately
reduced to a Science as the present : The
Proprietor of the Copy very judiciously
remarks, that this is a Part of the Book which five
hundred People see, for one who looks any farther
into it ; and that it is in general from something
striking, or promising in this, that the Reader is
tempted to go farther, and probably to purchase it.
It is from this Suggestion that we frequently see
pompous Titles prefix'd to contemptible Perfor-
mances, magnificent Porticoes to mean Edifices,

While the Multitude are drawn in by this false
Appearance, the Design of the Publisher is answered ;
and it is of no very great Consequence to him, that
the discerning Few hold the Artifice in Contempt,
or are even deterred from buying the Work, by the
very Circumstance that induces the rest of the World
to do so.

Nothing is more certain, than that the best Books,
in general, are those whose Titles promise the least :
Where there is intrinsic Merit, there needs none of
this external Invitation ; and where there is not, it is
hardly right to employ it.

One of the best Poems the present Age has af-
forded, has been lately introduced to us with so plain
and modest a Name as that of, *An Elegy written in a
Country Church-Yard* : A Title as little promising, or
as little tending to excite the Curiosity of the Public,
as could well have been devised ; yet the Piece has

made

made its Way to a Fourth Edition, while many a sounding Name serves but to decorate a Pile of waste Paper.

The Author of this Poem, a Gentleman who has written with Success in a different Way, was so diffident of his own Judgment in regard to this Piece, that he not only declined the hazarding his Name with it, but the very printing it at all, was without his Knowledge ; and the carrying it into other Editions has been without his Permission. We are happy to have had so good a Poem on any Conditions ; but we should have seen it in much greater Perfection, if two or three Errors in it, continued to these latter Impressions, had been avoided by a more correct Copy, or amended from his Inspection.

The Subject of this excellent Performance, is an Evening's Meditation in the Church-Yard of an obscure Village. The Author introduces himself walking over the Graves of the deceased humble Villagers in a serious and contemplative Humour : He cloaths in Words, elegantly appropriated and expressive, a Series of Thoughts naturally arising from the Scene, and succeeding to each other : From the Recollection of what the peaceful Inhabitants of the Earth under his Feet once were, and what they might have been, had Opportunities offered, he proceeds to a just Examination, and a consequent Contempt, of that Pomp and Splendor which distinguishes the Great : He falls into a Reverie in the Conclusion, in which he gives what he imagines will be the Account of himself, when dead, from the Mouth of some humble Cottager ; and concludes with an Epitaph on the Occasion, truly of a Spirit with the rest of the Poem.

It

It is not too much to say, that this Piece comes nearer the Manner of *Milton* than any thing that has been published since the Time of that Poet: Whoever will look into the *Lycidas* of that Author, one of the best Poems that even *he* ever wrote, will not fail to see a striking Likeness, and to own, that this Elegy does not suffer in the Comparison. The Poem is full of Imagination, and as full of Sentiment; the Imagery is striking and just; the descriptive Part elegantly simple; the Expression concise, yet clear; nervous, yet smooth, and majestic without Pomp. Let us recollect the Situation of the Poet in a still Evening, contemplating, from an elevated Spot, the Country round him, while there is scarce Light for the Prospect, and we shall acknowledge an uncommon Propriety and Beauty in the following Passage:

*Now fades the glimm'ring Landscape on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds;
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
And drowsy Tinklings lull the distant Folds.
Or that from yonder Ivy-mantled Tow'r,
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of those, who wand'ring near her sacred Bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary Reign.*

When the Subject is familiar, with what an easy Elegance, and a beautiful Simplicity, does he adapt his Language!

*For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn:
Or busy Housewife ply her Ev'ning Care,
Nor Children run to lisp their Sire's Return,
Or climb his Knees, the envy'd Kiss to share.*

On the contrary, when he has Occasion to lament the Peasants Loss of the Advantages of Education, what can be more lofty than

—*Knowledge to their Eyes, her ample Page,
Rich with the Spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ?*

Or what can be more beautifully adapted to the Subject, than his Description of the rude Monuments and Inscriptions over the Graves of the humble Dead he is there meditating on :

*Yet even these Bones, from Insult to protect,
Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhymes, and shapeless Sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh :
Their Names, their Years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The Place of Fame and Elegy supply ;
And many a holy Text around she strews,
That teach the rustic Moralist to die.*

The imaginary Rustic's Description of himself, in his Walks of Poetic Rapture, is full of Beauty :

*Hard by yon Wood, now frowning as in Scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward Fancies, would he rove.*

The Variation of the Expression, in the Account of his being missed at his usual Places of Resort, is very masterly :

*One Morn I miss'd him on the custom'd Hill,
Along the Heath, and near his fav'rite Tree ;*

*Another came, nor yet beside the Rill,
Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he.*

In fine, his Character of himself, his Expectations, and his Content, are at once justly, greatly, and pleasingly expressed :

*Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere ;
Heav'n did a Recompense as largely send :
He gave to Woe ('twas all he had) a Tear ;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a Friend.*

This Stanza is unluckily robbed of a great Part of its Beauty in the printed Copies; and in some of the other Passages which we have quoted, we have amended Errors of the same kind, though of less Consequence.

We could dwell longer on this Subject with Pleasure; but the Limits of our Paper oblige us to restrain our Pen.

THE INSPECTOR. [N^o. 3.]

On the Use and Abuse of CONVERSATION.

ONE of the great Prerogatives of human Nature is the Power of communicating our Thoughts to one another by Words:

This is the Essence of social Happiness; it throws the Experience of every seporate Member of Society into the common Stock; and gives to every private

private Person, in return, the Advantage of the joint Experience of the Whole.

How estimable a Circumstance in our Oeconomy ! How infinite a Benefit ! How worthy our utmost Attention in its Conduct and Preservation ! How sacred ought it to be to the Ends and Uses to which it is appropriated !

The mixed Conversation at Coffee-houses, if it could be restrained within any Bounds of Order and Regularity, would be of the most advantageous kind : How instructive must it be to hear the Observations of twenty different People on the Variety of Objects that have occurred to them in the Course of the Day ? How agreeable to meet with the Quintessence of a Multitude of Conversations, at the several Parties the different People who make up the Company have been engaged in, collected, separated from its Superfluities and Redundancies, and delivered to us concentrated, as it were, and with all its Merit, in the Compass of a few Periods ?

There is scarce a Heart so melevolent, as not to feel a Pleasure in giving Entertainment to another : And there would need little more than Attention in the Generality of the Company, to their reaping this vast Advantage ; and those who were most incapable of entertaining, would find their only suffering themselves to be entertained, construed into a Merit great enough to entitle them to a repeated Enjoyment of the same rational Pleasure.

Instead of this desirable Plan, Conversation in private Parties is at an End ; Cards have driven it away never to shew its Face in good Company again ; and at these mixed Assemblies, where so

large a Fund for Entertainment offers, no Man attempts either to please, or to be pleased, in his exerting this Faculty; no Man has an Ambition to inform, or a Desire to be informed, of any thing; every one attacks the Person of an Enemy, whom he affects to speak to as a Friend; and aims at no farther Joy in his conversing with him, than the Triumph of deceiving him into a Belief of his Ingenuity and Candour, and the exposing some Foible in his Character to the Derision of the Company.

This is a Vice of Conversation that never was at so exorbitant a Height as at present: It has been attacked by soft Means, and by harsh ones, by Arguments, and by Force, in vain: Though hissed and laughed, and even cudgelled out of Company, it never fails to shew its Face there again an Hour or two afterwards.

We have been used to complain of the Humorist, the Clown, the Morose, the Reserved, the Obstinate, and the Impertinent, as the Pests of Conversation: But these, under the Appearance of this so superior Weight of Ill, begin to shew themselves in a very amiable Light; and the rational People will submit to be teized, to be affronted, to be snarled at, to be neglected, to be contradicted, when they are in the right, and even to be talked deaf, by People who have nothing to say, rather than join in the disingenuous Entertainment which the Men of Abilities give, at the Expence of a Man whom they must first profess a Respect and Esteem for.

To set this rational Entertainment of the Mind on a better Footing for the future, we would recommend it as a first Principle, to be ingenuous; and

and as secondary Qualifications, we would prefer to the whole List of others, Affability and Modesty. We have no Right to hold another in Contempt, because he happens to be of an Opinion different from our own: Difference is no Proof of Error, unless one of the Parties be infallible.

We should be cautious how we condemn as Follies the Actions of others, merely because our own Judgment would have prevented us from doing them, unless we can assure ourselves, that this Judgment is above the Reach of Error; and that every thing is disagreeable to the whole World, that does not happen to please our Palate.

We ought to be most reserved in speaking on the Subjects that we know most of, unless we are called upon to do so: Our Superiority is a kind of Insolence and Triumph over the Company, which no Man has any Reason to bear, unless he is in an Humour to be instructed by it. The most able to speak is always the most ready to hear; it is more desirable, in the Eye of Reason, to learn than to teach; and there is scarce any Conversation which the Man who will be attentive to, may not profit by.

We should be, above all Things, cautious of making ourselves the Subjects of our Conversation: There is nothing on which a Man finds it so easy to speak as of himself; but nothing on which it is so difficult for him to speak with Propriety: He forgets that he is interested in the most trivial Circumstances that concern him; but he is to remember, that this is not the Case with the People he is speaking to.

Affent is easy; and few People are qualified for Disputation: Nothing is so distasteful to the Hearer, as Wrangling in the Place of Argument: It is a sort of Rebellion to dispute the Judgment of those, who are allowed to be Masters of the Subject they speak upon; and where the Superiority is on our own Side, there is no Room for Triumph from the Conviction.

We ought to be very sure of the Truth of an Assertion, before we venture to make it; and when we are ever so apparently certain, it should be delivered with a modest Caution: A peremptory Manner offends every body without Exception; and we ought to remember, that Obsturacy in Opinion is the usual Concomitant of Ignorance or Error. The *Romans*, as wise a People, at least, as the Members of our general Conversations, had hardly an Expression in common Language that amounted to an Affirmative. The very Depositions before a Judge, were only in Form of Opinions: *Ita videtur* was the Phrase in regard to those Facts they thought themselves most certain of; and the Determination of the Law required no more positive an Assertion.

If we considered the Possibility of Error in Things that appear the most evident and unquestionable to us, we should be fond of always leaving ourselves a Way to escape, under the Subterfuge of an Uncertainty in our Expressions; and this Advantage we shall be sure of in the same Manner of speaking, that we shall not offend the Person we address ourselves to, by arrogating a Knowledge he wants, but only seem to propose an Opinion which

which might have been his own, though he did not think favourably enough of it to advance it.

Would we make ourselves agreeable, as well as useful Members of rational Society, let us resolve upon an unlimited Affability ; a good Opinion of the Company we converse with ; a constant Desire of being entertained by them ; and let us have no Ambition to communicate our Share of the Conversation till we see it is expected of us. The greatest Compliment that can be paid to a Speaker is, the being heard with Attention : This will always be paid him, when he speaks what the rest wish to hear, never when he thrusts himself inopportunely upon them, or interrupts what they had either a Right or an Inclination to be more pleased with.

THE INSPECTOR. [Nº. 4.]

A Morning Contemplation.

THE Brightness of Yesterday Morning tempted me to enjoy it in the open Air, out of the Dirt and Bustle of this busy Town, and free from the Intervention of that dusky Cloud which the Smoak of so many Thousand Chimneys continually spread over the whole Extent of it.

It was about Noon when I arrived at *Kensington Gardens*, the destined Scene of my Recess ; and it will not be easy to persuade those who had not the happy Opportunity of feeling it, how warm, how enlivening

enlivening the Sun-beams were, or how evidently universal Nature acknowledged and rejoiced in it.

The Birds, that had been silent for five whole Months, now perching on the naked Branches of the Trees, looked up with a kind of joyful Adoration to their enlivening Deity, began to plume themselves in his Presence, and try their unaccustomed Throats in Songs of Praise to him: The very Boughs on which they stood, seemed to disclaim their late dead, withered State; and swelling out in ten thousand Buds, promised soon to meet his Radiance with a more cheerful Aspect: The little Lambs that had hitherto, since their very Birth, known no Enjoyment beyond the supplying the first Call of Nature from the cold wet Herbage, now seemed to feel new Motions in their Blood, and new Ideas with them; and, by a thousand antic Friskings, joined in the general Joy.

I was contemplating all this from the Side of the Bason; and had afterwards occasionally turned my Eye upon that liquid Plane, and viewed, through it, the various Things it buried: It was somewhat longer before this thicker, colder Medium transmitted the genial Influence that had invigorated the Inhabitants of the Air; but, by Degrees, the Soul of Nature, the Promethean, universal Fire, made its Way through this Obstacle. It was with infinite Satisfaction that I traced the Gradation of this pleasing Effect: I cast my Eye upon a shallow Part of the Bason, where the Fluid was most influenced: The Sun darted his glowing Beams uninterrupted on this Spot, and soon began to triumph in the Success of his Influence. The smooth

green

green Surface of the Bottom, began to elate itself in Bubbles ; and quickly after to send up Parts of its green Coat, with every rising Bladder of detached Air : These were continued in long Filaments to the Surface, where the Bubble that had raised them burst its watery Shell, and mingled in the common Expanse, the Fibre which had marked its Course remaining, and with its congenial Attendants forming what the blind Naturalist shall investigate as a Plant, and trace imaginary Organs in.

The real Plants, expanded flat upon the level Surface, now began to rear also their rough Leaves, and their numbed Branches : They rose to meet the Cause of their new Life at the Surface, and to kindle into genial Warmth to propagate their Species.

The Surface of the dusky Floor, now naked, exposed more immediately to the Influence of this inspiring Deity, began soon after to disclose Beings of a higher Rank : Myriads of Worms were seen unwinding their coiled Forms, and tossing their sportive Tails about, in Wantonness and Revelry : Whole Series of Creatures, whose torpid State had before rendered them undistinguishable from the Mud in which they lay, began to expand their little Limbs, and creep or swim, or emerge above the Surface.

As I was contemplating the opening Scene, I could not but persuade myself that the Source of all the *Egyptian* Enthusiasm, all that had given Rise to their fabled Stories of the Production of Animals from the Mud of the *Nile*, was now before me ; and pitied those, who, instead of adoring the

first Cause of all Things, believed in the mad Doctrines of equivocal Generation; or looking up to his great Minister the Sun, adored the Instrument, instead of paying the rational Tribute of their Praise to him, who created and employed it.

As I was ruminating on this, a little Creature, of a peculiar Form, and singular Beauty, rose from the Surface of the Mud; and soon after began to vibrate its leafy Tail, to play the several Rings of its elegantly constructed Body, and to poise six delicate Legs, as if to try whether they were yet fit for Use: Numbers of others followed it, and in a few Minutes all that Part of the Water seemed peopled only by this Species.

I was ravished with Delight at the Joy I saw these Creatures take in their new animated Beings, and was offering an honest silent Praise to Him, whose unlimited Benevolence had created so many happy Creatures, who had made them only to be happy; when a hungry Fish, allured by the Prospect of so full a Repast, left his scaly Companions, and throwing himself among them like a hungry Tyger into a Sheep-fold, destroyed and gorged them by Numbers at a time.

Of the Multitude that were now scattered to every Part of the adjacent Space, I luckily cast my Eye upon a Cluster that had sheltered themselves together, under the Leaves of a tall Plant, Part of which was immersed in the Water, Part emerged above its Surface: One of this Number, allured by the Sun's Rays, rose higher up the Plant, came boldly out of the Water, and basked in the more free Warmth under the open Air.

The

The Plant was near the Shore, and I determined to watch the Motions of this little adventurous Animal. It had not stood long exposed to the full Radiance of the Sun, when it seemed on the Point of perishing under his too strong Heat: Its Back suddenly burst open lengthwise; but what was my Astonishment, while I was pitying the unhappy Insect, to see, as the Opening enlarged, a Creature wholly unlike the former arising from within it! A very beautiful Fly, by Degrees, disengaged itself from this reptile Case, and left behind it only a thin Skin that had been its Covering.

Such is undoubtedly the Production of the Butter-fly from the Silk-Worm, and from all the Caterpillar Tribe: The pretended Metamorphosis of these Creatures is but the Child of Error and Ignorance in the Observers; and the Caterpillar is no more than the future Fly, covered by a peculiar Case, and preserved in it from Injuries, till its Wings, and every other Part of its delicate Frame, are in a Condition to bear the Impulse of the Sun and Air, naked.

The new-born Inhabitant of the Air would now have been suffocated, in an Instant, by the Element it had before so long lived and enjoyed itself in: It therefore carefully avoided it; first tried its newly disentangled Legs, and gained by these the Summit of the Herb, compared to itself a towering Pine: The Sun, which at first seemed to create it, in its reptile State, out of the Mud, now seemed to enlarge its Wings; they unfolded as they dried; and at length shewed their silky Structure perfect and bright: The Creature now began to quiver them in various Degrees of Elevation and

Depression, and at length employed them to their destined Purpose, launching at once into the Sea of Air, and sporting in the wide Expanse with unrestrained Jollity and Freedom.

Happiest of thy Race, said I; how would thy Brother Insects envy thee, could they imagine what was now thy State! Safe from the Danger of the devouring Fish, delivered from the cold wet Element in which they live, and free as the very Air thou wantonest about in! I had scarce finished my Ejaculation, when a sudden Cloud came on, the Sun's Face was obscured, the Air grew chill, and a Storm of Hail came rattling down upon the Water.

The newly animated Swarms of Reptiles instantly plunged to their original Inactivity in the Mud again; forgot the transient Pleasures of the last half Hour; and waited in Tranquillity the more favourable Season. These were now safe and at Ease; but, alas! what was my Concern to see the little Volatile I had before thought an Object for their Envy, destroyed by the first falling of the frozen Rain, and floating dead upon its watery Bier.

The Storm, that had been fatal to this unhappy Creature, sent me from the Scene of its Destruction, ruminating on the various Turns of Fate below, and determined never to be insolent in Prosperity; never to triumph over my Friend or Neighbour, for any favourable Event that may have happened to me; but to remember, in every Occurrence of that flattering Kind, that the poor Fly, who knew not how his peculiar Fortune came about, foresaw not the Ruin he alone was exposed to by it.

THE INSPECTOR. [Nº 5.
A HISTORY of a GARDEN.

* * * ASIL, a Man of wary Judgment,
B of consummate Prudence, full of Discernment, and inflexible in the Right ;
* * * a Man seemed to be formed on Purpose for the Office, was called, some Years ago, to the Superintendency of a little Garden, surrounded by a great Pond. He found it in excellent Condition, full of vigorous and thriving useful Plants, and profusely decked with ornamental Herbage ; its Soil was rich and fruitful ; its Situation healthy ; and its Exposures just such as would inure the Plants to stand the common Accidents of Wind and Frost ; without hardening them beyond a Sensibility of the Advantage of Sunshine.

It was not necessary he should improve the Plantation : It flourished under him : It continued what it was when he found it ; and in the same healthful State in which it had devolved to him, he left it to his Successor.

The new Intendant was happy to find the Seat of his Inheritance in so flourishing a Condition ; and determined to do every thing that could conduce to the keeping it so : He searched into its earliest History ; and traced its several successive rising and declining States, to the Origin of the one, as well as of the other.

He found the Plants were all of a Kind ; he perceived they were naturally hardy, but not stubborn ; full of

Vi-

Vigour, but not luxuriant ; and he was convinced, by the Annals of the Story he had read, that nothing had ever injured them like Restraint.

It was the Custom of many of the neighbouring Gardeners at this time, to rule in their Plantations with an Iron Hand, and to look on Cruelty as the just Exercise of Power : They would nail up the Trees to Walls ; tye them to Posts ; cut them down every Year to the very Stumps ; and force their tender Branches into a thousand whimsical Shapes, to please their vitiated Fancies. It had been often whispered to the Intendant of this little Spot, that he ought to employ the same rigorous Methods ; but he had always answered, That he found his Apricots were higher tasted, his Grapes full of a mellower Juice, and his Nonpareils of a truer Flavour, while the Trees that produced them were Standards, and spread their wanton Arms about just as they listed, than the very best of the like Products of these torturing Managers.

It had always been the Custom, in this happy Spot, to have two principal Gardeners under the Superior ; it was their Office to assist him in his Jurisdiction, and prepare Things for his Inspection ; to take Cognizance of the Growth of the Flowers and Trees ; and to allot to each its destined Spot, and proper Share of Nourishment, as well as to exact from every one the allotted Quantity of Fruit, as a Share of the general Tribute to the Intendant, and of the Expence of keeping the Whole in good Order.

The two principal Gardeners for the time being, *Tom* and *Harry*, though they were Brothers in Affection, were of as different Dispositions and Tempers as two People well could be : They both had the flourishing State of the Garden thoroughly at Heart, and

and both thought of their Superior as they ought ; that is, they loved and reverenced him ; but they expressed their Sentiments in a Manner suitable to their several Humours. *Tom* lived a sort of idle Life ; but he had the Inspection of the general Growth, and was the ultimate Resource in all Disputes about what should be done with the Plants. *Harry* had the Drudgery wholly upon his Shoulders : He was to dig and toil, to sow and reap, and he alone had the Care of regulating the general Produce.

Tom was a Fellow of a generous, haughty, careless Spirit ; full of the Honour of his Post, and above the Care of any thing beneath it : He would give fifty Dishes for Dinner, when his Finances would not pay for ten ; he would throw a Main for five thousand Pounds, when his privy Purse did not amount to two hundred ; he would talk of an Intrigue with a Whore, while he was signing a Conveyance of his Estate, or would wipe his —— with a *Delaval's* Ticket : The Salvation of Mankind would not have made him leave his Bottle unfinished ; but give only the hundred thousandth Part of a Glance at the Honour of his Office, and it were safer to have conspired against the Grand Signor.

Harry, without any thing of this high-flown Disposition, was fond of the Use of Power ; but he was very careful how he abused it : He would refuse nothing that was equitable ; but he would do nothing till he had examined whether it really were so ; he had an excellent Head at Figures, and could tell at a single View how many Pears or Apples every Tree in the Garden (barring Accidents) would produce for the Year.

Whatever

Whatever was to be done for the Service of the Intendant they both heartily concurred in ; all the Difference was, that *Harry* would deliberate upon every Circumstance before he said yes, and would sometimes grumble ; but he always complied : *Tom*, on the other hand, thought one careful Head was enough in a Family, and would usually at once concur in the Resolution, and intend to think of it afterwards.

In such Hands rested the Care of our little Spot under the Intendancy of this its Principal. There was nothing he proposed for the general Good that both did not readily agree in ; nothing that did not occur to him of the same Kind, that they omitted to put him in mind of. He had found the Plants in a State of unrestrained Freedom of Growth, and he had indulged them in a Continuance of it : Every one spread its Roots far and wide as it pleased ; and the meanest Herb scattered its Progeny into the most fertile Spots with Impunity. If there was a Weakness, indeed, in the present Intendant, it was his over Tenderness for the Produce of the Garden. One of the fundamental Establishments of the Place was, that no Individual should be destroyed without his immediate Concurrence ; and it always was, with infinite Pain and Reluctance, that he even would permit a Weed to be pulled up, though it had straggled into the Middle of a Walk, or had choaked or starved a useful Plant that was its Neighbour : The tearing off but of a Leaf in Wantonness never failed to give him Pain ; and *Tom* used often to say, that if a Bramble had rooted itself in his Bedchamber, he would not, for the World's

World's Empire, be the Man that should attempt to dig it up.

The natural Humanity, and innate good Disposition of the Intendant, had implanted in his Heart this Love to every Thing about him ; and *Harry* had long industriously supported it in him, by continually repeating in his Ear, that the Number of Plants was the true Riches of a Garden.

Indulgence always does well with the worthier Objects ; but the meaner are often ruined by it. Propagation went on abundantly in the several Beds, and the Plants increased beyond Imagination : They threw about their wanton Branches at Pleasure ; they grew luxuriant, but they became enfeebled : The Root can supply but its destined Quantity of Nourishment, and if that is expended in useless Leaves, there can be none for Fruit : So it happened with our once fertile Spot : Liberty was now overturning all its Constitution, and Indulgence was suffering it to run into utter Ruin : The Nonpareil degenerated into its primæval Crab ; the Green-Gage Tree produced the rough Sloe ; and the Artichoke dwindled into a Thistle, pricking People's Legs, instead of producing them a Supper.

It now appeared, that though the Number of Plants was indeed the Riches of the Garden, while they produced their natural Stores ; yet when they brought forth nothing for the general Good, their Number was, on the contrary, the Destruction of the Land they fed on.

Boats had been used to obscure the whole Face of the Pond every Morning, as they carried over Loads of the abundant Produce of the Garden to the Market Towns on the other Side ; but now the

full Vessels all bent their Course toward the Place itself, and those which went off were empty, except that they carried the Money for the Purchase.

Harry, who had hitherto concurred in every Step of Gentleness and Encouragement to the Produce of the Soil, now found other Means were necessary : He was the first to whisper to the Intendant the Ruin that threatened the Garden : He could not propose rigorous Measures in regard to the unhappy Objects of his Care ; and he knew, if he did, the Superior would not have complied with them : He reminded him that there was yet Room in the Place for many a useful Plant ; he told him, that every Corner of the Earth afforded Trees of Value, that might be transplanted into this Garden ; that the Soil was so rich, and the Œconomy of the Place so desirable, that nothing once permitted to enjoy its Blessings, would ever wish to remove out of it again ; that those that were brought in Strangers would commence Denizens, as soon as they were fixed in it ; and that in the next Age it would not be remembered that the original Stocks of the richest Plants had ever come in Strangers.

The Advice was too rational not to be followed : The Garden was immediately declared the free Home of every valuable Herb in the World : The whole Face of Things was instantly changed ; every Spot of the Soil swarmed with useful Herbage, and the very wildest of the Natives, now mixed among the others, became as regular in their Growth, and as rich in their Produce, as the best of the Plants that grew about them.

THE INSPECTOR. Nº. 6.

HE noblest Enjoyment of the Mind of
Man is the contemplating the Works
of his Creator: In the Face of Nature we
see his Power, his Wisdom, and his Be-
nificence, in Pages written by his own eternal Hand;
in Characters legible to every Eye; and stamp-
ed with Proof of all that they assert. The Man who
falls into this happy Turn of Observation, sees his
Creator in every Object that occurs to him: The
vilest Weed, the meanest Insect, as the Vulgar term
them, to him are contestible Evidences of the greatest
of all Truths: His Life is one continued Act of
Adoration.

I am led into these Observations by Objects no more
eminent than the Structure of a common Flower,
and the Employment of an Insect within its little
Cavity. I had the Pleasure to attend Yesterday a
very amiable and worthy Friend to his Villa at a
few Miles Distance from Town; and while the Com-
pany were high in Mirth over the Afternoon's Bottle,
slipped out of the Way of an Entertainment I have
no great Relish for, to enjoy half an Hour's sober
Thought, and salutary Air.

My Eyes are always open to Nature's Beauties;
but a Person less apt to pay his Attention to such
Objects, could hardly have restrained his Admira-
tion here: An Almond-tree, in the Centre of the
Garden, presented to the Eye one immense Tuft of
Flowers, covering its whole Surface. The Beauty

of such a Glow of living Purple would at any time have been an Object for Admiration ; but at a Season when every thing else is dead, when not a Leaf appears on any of the vegetable World besides, but the adjoining Trees seem the bare Skeletons of what the Summer had shewn them, it claimed a peculiar Share of Attention.

An inquisitive Eye cannot content itself with the Superficies of Objects ; it loves to pry into their inward Recesses, and seldom fails of a Reward more than proportioned to the Trouble of the Research. Every one must have observed, that in all Flowers there is an Apparatus in the Centre, different from the leafy Structure of the Verge, which is what strikes the Eye at first Sight : The Threads which support the yellow Heads in the Centre of a Rose, and those which serve as Pedestals to the less numerous, but larger, dusky ones in the Tulip, are of this kind : In the earlier Ages of natural Knowledge, these were esteemed no more than casual Particles of Matter, or the Effect of a Luxuriance from an abundant Store of Nourishment sent up to the Leaves of the Flower, and throwing itself into these uncertain Forms, as they were then esteemed : The more improved Science of our Times, disclaims such vague Ideas, disclaims the Supposition of Nature's having made any thing, any the slightest Particle of the meanest Herb, in vain ; and in Consequence of Researches founded on this just Hypothesis, has discovered, that the gaudy Leaves supposed by these Philosophers to constitute the Essence of the Flower, are indeed of very little Consequence in the Economy of the Subject ; that they are placed but as a Defence to the thready Matter within ; which, despised as it used

to be, is indeed the most essential Part of the Whole ; is that for which almost the Whole has been formed, and that alone on which the Continuation of the Species depends. It has been found, that of the minutest Threads in this little Tuft, there is not one but has its destined Office, not one but joins in the common Service ; and that though they appear so numerous and indefinite, there is not a single Flower on the whole Tree but has them in the same Number to the utmost Exactness, and punctually in the same Situation ; nor that there ever has been, or ever will be, through successive Ages, a Tree of the same Kind, every single Flower of which will not be formed with the same perfect Regularity.

It was with an uncommon Pleasure that I saw a Confirmation of this accurate Exactness in the Care of Providence, even in the minutest of its Works, in this beautiful Object : Not a Flower of the Millions that here crowded upon the Sight in every Part, but contained its precise Number of thirty little Threads ; and not one of these, but had its regularly figured Head placed in the same Direction on its Summit, and filled with the same Powder, destined for impregnating the already teeming Fruit : This shewed its tender Form, its downy Rudiments in the Centre ; and sent up a peculiar Organ to the Height of these Heads, to receive the fertilizing Dust when they should burst, and to convey it to the very Centre of the Embrio, there to inform its Kernel with the vegetable Soul, and render it capable of shooting up into a Tree of the same Kind.

Such is the **Œ**economy of Nature in the Production of her vegetable Treasures ; but she has usually more Purposes than one to answer in the same Subject. It

was

was easy to conceive, that one of all these little Receptacles of Dust might have contained enough of it for the impregnating the Kernel of a single Fruit; for each Flower produces no more: Twenty-nine in thirty, it was easy to see could not be created in vain; nor was it long before the Mystery was explained to me.

The Sun which shone with an uncommon Warmth for the Season, and had now opened a thousand additional Blossoms to the Number I had first seen, led fourth a Bee from a neighbouring Hive, who directed her Way immediately to this Source of Plenty.

This little Creature first settled on the Top of one of the Branches, and, for a Moment, seemed to enjoy the Scene as I did: She just gave me Time to admire her sleek, silky Coat, and glossy Wings, before she plunged into a full blown Blossom, and buried herself among the thready Honours of the Centre of it: She wantoned and rolled herself about, as if in Extasy, a considerable Time there; and by her Motions greatly disconcerted the Apparatus of the Flower: The ripe Heads of the thready Filaments all burst, and shed a subtile yellow Powder over the whole Surface of the Leaves; nor did the Creature stop its Gambols, while one of them remained either whole, or with any Appearance of the Dust in its Cavity.

Tired with Enjoyment, as it might naturally have seemed, she now walked out, and appeared to have paid for the Mischief she had done, at the Expence of strangely defiling her own downy Coat. Though some of the Dust from the little Capsules had been spread over the Surface of the Flower, the far greater

Part of it had evidently fallen upon her own Back, and been retained there among the Shag of its Covering.

She once more placed herself on the Summit of a little Twig, and soon began to clear herself of this new-gathered Dust. It was with great Admiration that I observed the Readiness with which she executed this ; it was not half a Minute before her whole Coat was as clean and glossy as at first ; and what appeared more singular was, that not a Particle of the Dust had fallen upon any of the Flowers about her, where it must have been visible as easily as on the Surface of that it was taken from.

A very laboured Motion of the Fore-legs of the little Animal soon directed my Eye thither, and the whole Business was then immediately explained : I found she had carefully brought together every Particle that she had wiped off from her Body, and formed it into a Mass, which she was now moulding into a firmer Texture, and which she soon after delivered to the next Leg, and from that, after a little moulding more, to the hinder one, were she lodged it in a round Lump in a Part destined to receive it ; and having thus finished her Operation, took Wing for the Hive with her Load.

It appeared therefore evidently now, that what had seemed Sport and Pastime, was real Business to the Insect ; that its rolling itself about was with Intent to dislodge this yellow Dust from the little Cases that contained it, and that this Powder, the Abundance of which it was easy to perceive could not be created for the Service of the Plant, was destined to furnish the Bee with Wax to make its Combs, and to serve us for a thousand Purposes afterwards.

The Return of this single Insect to the Hive, sent out a Legion upon the same Expedition. The Tree was in an Instant covered almost as thick with Bees as with Flowers. All these employed themselves exactly as the first had done, except that some of them being reduced to enter Blossoms yet hardly opened, in which the Reservoirs of this waxy Powder were not ripe for bursting, were forced to take a more laborious Method : It was with great Satisfaction that I saw these bite open successively every one of the thirty Heads in the Flower, and scooping out the Contents, add them to the increasing Ball, that was to be at length carried home on the Thigh.

Such then is the Purpose of Nature in what might appear to us Profusion in the abundant Quantity of this Powder : The Bee wants it, though the Plant does not ; and the Pains that Animal takes to get it out, never fail to answer the Purpose of impregnating the Fruit, a vast Quantity of it being thus scattered over the Organs destined to the conveying it thither.

The making the Comb is not, however, the only Purpose to which this Powder serves the Bee : It is the natural Food of that Creature : What is lodged in the Hive is eaten by the Swarm, and after it has been retained in the Stomach long enough to be divested of its nutritive Matter, it is disgorged in a State just ready for moulding farther into real and finished Wax.

Thus, in the great Chain of Beings that we see about us, no one is created solely for itself : Each is subservient to the Purposes of others; each, beside the primordial Office it is destined to, assists, or is the Means of Good to another, perhaps to many. How great

great the Eye that comprehends this at one View !
how infinite the Wisdom that appointed it !

THE INSPECTOR. [Nº. 7.

Tros Tyriusve mibi nullo discrimine agatur.

* * * * * P A M P H L E T appeared some few Days
* A * since with the Title of *A Proposal for
* * * * * uniting the Kingdoms of Great Britain and
Ireland.* The Wits of our Coffee-houses
were very warm in their Enquiries, whether this was
to be done by a Bridge, or an artificial Isthmus ;
some guessed it was to be executed by a Bank continued
from the *Ring's End* ; and others by the throw-
ing Arches over the *Giant's Causeway* ; the *Peers*
being, in that Case, already raised, and not liable to
sinking. It was easy for Men of less refined Specula-
tion to see, that the Author meant the uniting the
Power, the Interests, and the Affections of the two
Nations, not their Lands ; and this appeared to eve-
ry body in the least aquainted with the natural Inter-
ests of both, so far from impossible, and so extreme-
ly desireable, that the Proposal soon made its Way
into a Multitude of Hands, and happily, among
others, into many that may be of Use in the bring-
ing the Plan into Execution.

The Pamphlet is written in a clear, succinct, ner-
vous, but affected Stile : The Periods follow in a
natural Succession ; the Arguments are rather de-
duced from, than connected with, one another ; and
the Intent of the Whole is evidently to point out a
common Good.

It is to the Author's Honour, that so far is national Partiality from biasing him, on any Occasion, that it is not to be discovered from the Work, whether he be of the one or the other of the two Nations: He seems to enter with the same Spirit of Candour and Justice into the Interests of both; and to consider them, as he would have them made, not two, but one Nation.

That he is a Protestant, and that he is well affected to the present Establishment, is easily discovered: But these, surely, are not Circumstances that a Man ought to wish to conceal. If there are two or three Sentences that may seem to favour of too much Warmth in this Particular, an ingenuous Mind will consider that every Man does and ought to love the System he is attached to? and that an honest Affection of this kind may easily inspire Sentiments, which, by People of an opposite Party, may be construed into Adulation.

The Author, whoever he is, sees clearly enough into the Interests of both Nations to discover, that an Union would be for the Good of both; and very clearly lays down the Advantages that both would receive from it, as Inducements to the promoting it.

He throws into the Scale of *England* the Increase of Subjects, not by *two Millions*, which is about the Number of the present Inhabitants of *Ireland*, but by *six Millions*, the Number it would be capable of maintaining under its more cultivated State in an Union with *Great Britain*. To this he adds the Consideration of strengthening the Protestant Interests. He proposes a general Naturalization for all Persons of that Church; the Consequences of which would evidently be, that as the Benifits of

Trade

Trade would encourage Foreigners to settle in *Ireland*, and as all that settled there would, on this Establishment, be Protestants, the Popish Interest would, even in the present Age, become inconsiderable, and, in a few Years *Ireland* would be absolutely a Protestant Nation.

The great Objection against Foreigners settling in *Ireland*, he observes, is the Unhealthiness of the Climate ; but this, he adds, is owing merely to its Bogs ; which were all once dry Land, and will easily, under the Circumstances of such a Union, become, by Means of Cultivation, dry Land again, and the Country as healthful as any in *Europe*.

The Branches of Trade he would be for favouring in *Ireland*, are such as are too large for *England* alone to manage ; those a considerable Part of which the *French* and other Nations at present carry from us : The Riches that would be obtained by the Inhabitants of *Ireland* from these, he observes, would all center in *England* by Means of the Taxes and Duties, and of the Residence of the principal People, at least, during a great Part of the Year, in that Kindom.

The Union he proposes is not a foederal, or partial, but a compleat and perfect one, an absolute Incorporation of the two Kingdoms, formed into one Government, under the same Laws, and represented by the same Parliament ; enjoying the same Privileges, and paying the same Taxes : In this Case, as there would be no Court nor Parliament in *Dublin*, the Representatives of *Ireland*, and all the People of Pleasure and Expence would be, at least, for the most Part here ; and in this Case, supposing the Trade of *Ireland* to increase and flourish ever so much, *England* could have no room for Uneasiness

about it, since it would be the same thing to the Kingdom, now become one, in what Part of it any particular Branch was encouraged.

After enumerating these and many other evident Advantages that must accrue to *England* by the proposed Union, he enters into the Consideration of what ought to be Motives on the *Irish* Side.

He observes, that *Ireland* at present has no Character, not even a Name in the Affairs of *Europe*; that it has no Being as a Nation, nor any domestic Trade, or foreign Influence, but under the Protection of *Great Britain*; and that should she withdraw that Protection, *Ireland* must fall a Prey to the first Invader, without even a Power of choosing its Master: Instead of this, under such a Union, he observes, she would become a Part of a powerful Kingdom.'

He adds, that *Ireland* at present is, in general, miserably poor, and the greater Part of its Inhabitants Slaves; but that under the Influence of such an Union, the whole Nation would become rich, and the lower Class of People would be set on a Footing with those of the same Rank with us; in fine, that every Individual would become happier, as well as the general Body greater, richer, and more respectable.

After thus stating the Case of the several Arguments on both Sides, to induce them to an Union, he goes on to prove, that both Nations will have more and greater Advantages as Nations, by it, than they can have singly. To the Difficulty that might naturally be proposed as to the uniting two Nations, so disproportioned in Wealth, Power, and Commerce, he answers, by the familiar Instance of two Merchants, who, however unequal their Stocks may be, and however disproportioned their Debts, may yet enter into Partner-

nership in Trade, with a perfect Equality of the Proportion of their several Profits.

When the Author has thus evinced to both Nations the Advantages of an Union, he adds, in a particular Manner to *Great Britain*, the Reasons for bringing it into Execution at this time. The *Irish*, he observes, by a late Spirit of Emulation, encouraged by Premiums, are improving the Manufactures of their Nation; Success, and an Increase of Wealth from these improved Branches of Trade, he adds, may make them vain enough to refuse an Union hereafter; in which, though they only would be in the wrong, both Nations would be the Sufferers.

THE INSPECTOR. [Nº 8.]

An Account of a remarkable Discovery by the Microscope.

❖{*}❖ T has been a common Observation among ❖ I ❖ the curious and inquisitive Part of Man-❖{*}❖ kind, that in investigating one Subject, there often is thrown new Light upon another: Something quite unexpected starts up in the Course of the Inquiry, and the accidental Discovery is often of more Importance than the original Business of the Research. It is in this Light that we see the infinite Use of experimenting: To a careful and attentive Man scarce any one Observation of this kind ever passed without its Use, without some Addition to Science; however much it may have failed in regard to the Purpose it was instituted to serve.

A very singular Instance of this is the Occurrence that is to be the Subject of this Paper. The extreme Clearness and Tranquillity of one of the Mornings of the

the last Week, had carried me out on my accustomed Walk, somewhat earlier than usual, in *Hyde-Park*: The Grass was spangled with ten thousand frozen Dew-drops, which as the Sun darted his slant Beams against them, gave, by their varied Reflexions, all the Colours of the Rainbow; and represented nothing less upon the green Floor, than a Pavement covered with Brilliants.

The Edges of the little Ponds were frozen; and as I cast my Eye on a sheltered Corner of one of them, there appeared something of a very beautiful Regularity in the frozen Rime that rose above the Surface of the Ice. I am an universal Admirer of the Works of the Creator, and am never unprovided of a Convenience for carrying home any thing that seems to demand peculiar Attention, or promise something new: I carefully packed up a Portion of this Ice, with the Rime upon it, between two Parcels of the frozen Grass, and hastened home to examine it.

What I had intended as the Business of the Inquiry was, Whether the beautifully ramoso Forms into which this Rime had frozen, were or were not referable to any of the known Figures of the natural Flakes of Snow.

To be ascertained of this, I cut off a small Portion of the Ice, with its Ramifications on it, and laid it on a Plate of Glass before one of *Scarlet's* double Microscopes. Though I had brought it safely home, my Purpose here was frustrated: I had the Caution to make the Observation in a Room where there had been no Fire; but the whole Expanse of the Air was so warm by this time, that the delicate Fibres of my icy Efflorescence melted to Water before I could adapt the Glasses for the Observation:

The

The more solid Ice that had been their Base, thawed instantly also, and the Whole became a half-round Drop of clear Fluid on the Plate.

I was taking my Eye from the Observation, when I accidentally discovered Motion in the Water, and could discern some opake and movable Spots in it. The Glasses calculated for examining the Structure of so comparatively large a Body as the Piece of Ice, were by no Means fit for the viewing these infinitely more minute Objects; I adapted Magnifiers of greater Power, and when the Drop of Water was thus swelled into a Sea for my Observation, I could distinctly observe, that it swarmed with living Inhabitants. The extreme Minutenes and delicate Frame of these tender Animalcules, one would imagine, must have rendered them liable to Destruction from the slightest Injuries; but, on the contrary, it appears from Experiment, that they are, in Reality, hardy beyond Expression: It has been already proved by that excellent Naturalist Mr. Turbeville Needham, that the Heat of boiling Water will not destroy the tender Frame of those minute Eels, that occasion the Blight in Corn; and here is an additional Proof that Animalcules of vastly finer Structure and minuter Parts, are not to be hurt, by being frozen up and embodied in solid Ice, to them solid Adamant, for whole Nights, or probably for whole Weeks together.

The Discovery of Animals in a Fluid thus produced, was Matter of sufficient Admiration; but the inquisitive Mind knows not where to stop: I put on yet more powerful Glasses, that I might not content myself with barely seeing that there were Animals in the Water, but might examine their Parts. Nature

ture is pregnant with Subjects of Admiration. These Glasses, at the same time that they discovered to the Eye the amazing Structure of the first-mentioned Animalcules, produced to View Myriads of other smaller ones, of different Forms and Kinds, which had been invisible under the other Magnifiers ; but which were now seen sporting and rolling their round Forms about in a thousand intricate Meanders.

How great the Power ! how unbounded the Bene-ficence of him, who, not to leave the least Part of Space unoccupied by what may be happy in it, has created such innumerable Series of Beings, invisible to us ; nay, which if twenty thousand times larger than they are, would still be invisible to our naked Eyes ! How infinite the Wisdom that has provided for them all ! the Mercy that gave them Being, did it but to give them Happiness, and would not leave them unprovided of any thing necessary to them !

I was examining the larger, first-discovered Animalcules, which appeared Colossi to the rest, and were rolling their vast Forms about in the Sea of Liquor, like Whales in the Ocean ; when one of them expanding the Extremity of its Tail into six times its former Circumference, and thrusting out all round it an innumerable Series of Hairs, applied it closely and evenly to the Surface of the Plate, and fixed itself firmly by Means of it in its Place.

In an Instant after, the whole Mass of the circumjacent Fluid, and all in it, was in Motion about the Head of the Creature ; on directing my Eye that Way, the Cause appeared evidently enough ; the Animal had thrust out, as it were, two Heads, in the Place of one ; and each of these was furnished with a wonderful Apparatus ; which, by its incessant rotatory

tatory Motion, made a Current in the Water about it; and, in consequence of that, brought it in successive Quantities full of the lesser Animals under the Mouth of the Creature, which was placed between the two seeming Heads, so that it took in what it liked of those unhappy Creatures for its Food. The Motion and the Current of the Water continued till the Creature had thus satisfied its Hunger, when the Whole became quiet again; the two Protuberances, that had looked like Heads, were drawn back, and disappeared; the real Head assumed its wonted Form; the Tail became loose from the Plate, and recovered its pointed Shape; and the Animal rolled about as wantonly as the rest of its Brethren.

While I kept my Eye upon the Object, many other of the Animalcules of the same Species performed the same wonderful Operation: The Appearance was wholly like that of a Pair of Wheels, such as those of a Water-mill, in continual Motion, and forming a successive Current: But a strict Examination soon explained the Apparatus, and shewed, that it consisted only of six Pairs of Arms, capable of Expansion and Contraction in their Breadth, and of very swift Movement. These the Creatures kept in a continual Motion, like that of opening and shutting the human Hand: This Movement naturally described a Part of a Circle; and as the Creature always expanded them to their full Breadth, as it shut them, and contracted them to their utmost Narrowness again, as it drew them up, they drove the Water forcibly before them in the Closing, and were brought back to their open State, without much Disturbance to the Current.

How wonderful an Apparatus this for the Service of an Animal, a thousand of which would not together be equal to a Grain of Sand in Bigness! Animacules of this Kind have been occasionally seen before by Naturalists; but the Mechanism has never been at all understood; the Apparatus about the Head has been declared to consist of real Wheels, and the Creature has been thence called the Wheel-Animal. It ought to have occurred to these Gentlemen, that the Wheel they imagined in this Part could not perform its continued and unchanging rotatory Motion, unless detached; and that if detached from all other Parts of the Animal, it could not be nourished.

THE INSPECTOR. N^o. 9.

* * * Pamphlet has just appeared, with the Title
A Y^e of Observations on the Inhabitants, &c. of
some Parts of North America, by John Bartram. It is properly a Journal of the Author's Travels from Pennsylvania to Onondago, Oswego, and the Lake Ontario. Before we enter into the Merits of the Performance, it may not be amiss to give some Account of the Writer of it, who is doubtless one of the most singular Authors the World ever produced; perhaps one of the greatest Instances that ever will be met with of what real Genius, unassisted by all the common Advantages of Education, Reading and Conversation, can do.

The late Duke of Richmond, the late Lord Petre, and some others of the ever-to-be-lamented Patrons and

and Ornaments of Botanical Knowledge, some Years since set on foot a Contribution to pay a Person residing in *North America*, for travelling over the Country, and collecting ripe Seeds of the more curious Trees and Plants, to be propagated here.

John Bartram, from his having the uncommon Qualification, for that Part of the World, of being able to read and write, was pitched upon to be the Man: He was at that time a poor Cottager in *Pensylvania*, with no Knowledge, nor even any Thought of Knowledge, beyond that of the digging the Ground, and distinguishing the Products of it; but he no sooner found himself thus not barely at Leisure to indulge his natural Curiosity, but paid for doing it, than he sat down in earnest to the Study of Botany, and that not by the short Road of Books, but by the more slow, but more certain Method, the Book of Nature.

He executed his Commission faithfully and judiciously: We owe solely to him the Introduction of a Multitude of the *North-Americans*, that now make so great a Figure in our Gardens; and the best Botanical Writers of the present Time find frequent Occasion to mention him with Honour.

He sent over, with the Seeds, from time to time, Specimens of the Plants they belonged to, and soon began to write, in his uncouth Way, some Account of where he found them, and what he had observed of them.

The Intimacy I had the Honour to maintain with his two great Patrons, gave me Opportunities of reading these his Observations; and I can hardly remember a more sensible Pleasure than I have felt on remarking how his Accounts, with every fresh Car-

go, shewed his Improvement in the Knowledge of the Subject. From the most abject Ignorance, he, by Degrees, became able to write sensibly; and, in fine, instructively. At present it is not saying at all too much of him to affirm, that he knows much more of Botany, as a Science, than some Professors of it in *Europe* do. His Letters are always esteemed Treasures of Knowledge; his Accounts of things are above Dispute, and he has had the Honour (*tel qu'il est*) of having several of his Observations published in the Transactions of our Royal Society.

After such an Account of the Author, the World will not wonder that the Piece under our Consideration should contain a great deal of good Matter, thrown together without the nicest Rules of Judgment.

His Patrons are dead, and the Spirit of Botany in *England* is in a great Measure dead with them. The Journey, which gave Opportunity for his making these Remarks, was on a Government-Business, which he executed as faithfully as he had done his former Engagements.

The *Indians* of the Part of *America* he travelled to, he observes, are a subtle, prudent People, judicious in their Counsels, and indefatigable in their Attempts; hospitable when they have no Fear; but often cruel through Suspicion, and always revengeful. The Men are naturally lazy and indolent; the Women are continual Slaves, but they are modest, fond, and obedient. These *Indians* have been always a warlike People; the Terror of their Name has been spread to a thousand Miles distant; and till of late, that the *French* have assisted their Enemies, their Victories

Victories have been almost of the same Number with their Battles.

They once used to murder all the Slaves they took in War; but, the Author observes, they now adopt them into their Families. They have very confused Notions of Religion, but they acknowledge a Deity; and they have strange Ideas of the Power of Inchantment and Witchcraft.

They imagine their Priests see the Deity, after certain Forms of Humiliation, in the Shape of a Bird; and that he tells them all that is to be done: And the Author, in his Way up a Hill, to seek for Plants, happening to roll some loose Stones down, they assured him it would cause rainy Weather, and did not fail to attribute the next Showers to it. By all this we may see, that Ignorance is naturally superstitious; and that where there is Superstition, there will not be wanting Priests to make their Advantages of it.

The Town of *Onondago*, the Metropolis of the *Indians* in this Part of *America*, the Author tells us, is situated in a fine Vale, and has a large River running through it: Its Extent in Length is between two and three Miles; but he adds, that however considerable it may have been before the *French* burnt it in 1696, at present it is no better than a Mixture of little Cabins and uncultivated Spots; the Cabins are not more than forty in Number; and there are Pastures, and even little Woods, between them.

Oswego, the second Place mentioned in the Title to this Pamphlet, is but an Infant-Settlement, made by the Province of *New-York*; but with the Advantage of gaining the Command of five large Lakes to the Crown of Great Britain, the Navigation and

Traffic

Traffic on which is carried on by the Indians in Bark Canoes.

The Lake *Ontario*, he adds, is a fresh Water of vast Extent, and serves for the carrying on a very considerable and extensive Commerce among the Indians on its Shores.

After this Account of the principal Places he visited, the Author gives us many very useful Hints as to the Trade of that Part of the World, in which it is plain enough, that the *French* of *Canada* dread us as their future Rivals, though our own People do not seem to make out, that they have any Reason to do so.

He every-where gives a judicious and accurate Account of the Soil, and its Produce; and of the several Trees, Plants, and Animals he met with: He has a circumstantial Observation of the Colours of a Rattle-snake, glowing with a peculiar Brightness when it was enraged, and fading greatly after it had received a Wound: A Circumstance often repeated of the Snake Kind in general; but hitherto not generally believed.

The Plants he mentions are all properly named, and are many of them curious ones, some of them such as might be of Use in Commerce, in particular the famous *Ginseng*, the Root of which imported from the East, has been lately sold in *London* at four Pounds an Ounce.

Among all this useful Knowledge, however, we meet with a thousand trivial Circumstances, related with the same Accuracy and Punctuality: The Author does not omit to tell us, that he found a Knife in the Morning of the 14th, or that a Gnat bit him in the Afternoon of the 17th; that he gathered some

some Gooseberries as he rode along on the 20th, or that he lay in Bed too long the next Morning; that on the 22d his Mare was lame, or that on the 24th he borrowed a Horse of *Conrad Weisar*.

The Names of *flying Hills* and *blue Mountains* may also disgust some Readers; but these are not chargeable as Faults in this Author: To be intelligible, he must necessarily mention Things by such Names, when they have no other.

Upon the Whole, I think I do not know an Author who deserves more Encouragement than *John Bartram*; though I do not know one that is likely to meet with less of it.

THE INSPECTOR. Nº 10.

Silicet omne sacrum mors importuna prophanat.

 **XAMPLES** of uncommon Virtues in
Princes are frequent in the Histories of past Time; but while we recollect that they have been, in general, written by Flatterers, they strike us with less Veneration for the Names affixed to them, than Relations in which the Historians appear more disinterested.

We know, that while a Descendant is on the Throne, there never can want Motives to the immortalizing the Name of some of the Line of Heroes in the Ancestry; and while we recollect too, that there is no Life so bad, but, at one Period or other of it, there may have happened some one Incident, at least, that, under the Address of an artful Pen, might make a fair Story, we are in the right

right to place but little Dependence on Characters, in regard to which the Distance of Time robs us of the Means of knowing any thing more than the Writer pleases to tell us ; and the Silence of History on the Subject gives us no Means of knowing that, otherwise than as he delivers it.

When Facts are related almost at the very Period of Time in which they happened ; when the Persons who read the Accounts are those who also saw the Events, and blessed the Effects of them ; when Interest knows no Existence in the Breast of the Writer ; and when, if it had, Justice herself would clip the Wings of Flattery ; more Credit will be paid to the Encomium by the Living, and more Dependence placed on it by their succeeding Posterity.

While every Eye laments a Nation's Loss ; while every Heart, but Yesterday, elate with the Prospect of a King ripe in Years and Judgment ere he mounted the Throne ; long remaining on it a Blessing to his People, and training up, under the Influence of his own great Example, an Infant Sovereign through the same Paths of Virtue to the same heroic Height, to place him no less mature upon the Throne himself should quit ; now melts with Sorrow at the momentary Change ; and under the Apprehension of a Minor King, adds double Ardour to the Prayers it sends to Heaven, to continue long to us the great Origin of all these Virtues ; shall not one Mouth be open to point out to Posterity what those Virtues were which we lament, and reverence, and ever pray for a successive Series of ?

Triumphs

Triumphs in War are the general Source of Praise in the Lives of Monarchs, as recorded to us by their Historians; but these are not, at this Period of Time, of the Number of those Incidents that make a Nation happy: The gaining new Dominions, by unpeopling old ones, the Acquisition of more Subjects, at the Expence of slaughtering one half of those who were such, never could indeed deserve the pompous Praises that have been bestowed on them; and, at this time, are not only unjustifiable, but impracticable. Virtues of a gentler Kind are now the proper Ornaments to Throne: And while we could not ask it of a Prince to make us great or happy, but only to continue us so, how glorious a Source of Praise had we to Heaven, till this fatal Event, for having inspired with all the social, all the domestic, or to call them by a new, but surely an expressive Name, the humane Virtues, a Prince who was to receive the Care of continuing us happy, from Ancestors who had already made us great.

A just Ambition, a Thirst of Glory from good Actions, has been at all Times reverenced as one of the greatest Virtues in a Prince; but Heaven has shewn us one, who could look down upon such secondary Praises; who could do every thing that the ambitious would be inspired by that Quality to execute, without deigning to accept its Reward: To whom a Consciousness of doing Things worthy Honour, was in the Place of Fame; who loved Virtue, because she was Virtue, not because she was the Parent of Renown.

To be wise is an Honour of the first Rank in human Life; but to be able to listen to Wisdom, is a greater: While we are sensible that we are weak,

uncertain, fallible Creatures, Obstinacy in Opinion ought to be banished from every Heart that but pretends to Knowledge ; yet who that has Command can bear with Contradiction ? Those who had not the Honour and Happiness to know this ever-to-be-lamented Prince, perhaps would find it difficult to answer the Question ; but whoever has had an Opportunity to be of any the least of his Councils, must have found, that though his own Opinion usually was the just one, he was the last to give it, and was the first to enter into the Merit of the Reasonings of such as differed from it.

Those who are placed above the Calamities and Distresses of Human Nature, in its ordinary Sphere, seldom can feel for others : Humanity, that Honour to our Nature, is in a Manner excluded from their Breasts ; and if they relieve, it is because they are told it is generous to do so. Here was a Heart that felt for every thing that it knew felt for itself ; that therefore did ten thousand times the common Acts of Beneficence, because its Sense was open to ten thousand times as many Objects of it.

Princes, of all Men, usually appear least what they truly are : The necessary Arts of Courts, as they are called, forbid it ; and Sovereigns are told, that when they are most known, they are least honoured : Where the real Sentiments of the Heart are such as might be mended, this may perhaps be right ; but those who were about this great Example of Sincerity, will never forget, that an honest Oppenness of Soul, that called Disingenuity a Crime, gave a new Force to every thing he said : That an unconstrained and unaffected Plainness declared his Sentiments on every thing he spoke of ; and while it shewed to every

every one what he was, compelled every one to love, while they adored him.

Every body about him was happy ; and the Benevolence of his own Heart gave him a greater Joy in the conferring it thus on others, than they had in receiving it : The Tranquillity and Clearfulness of his equal Mind transfused itself into all around him ; every Man became a Prince who felt the Influence of *his* being so ; and *himself* never remembred that he was one, when the Husband, the Parent, or but the Friend, reminded him of their Claim to his Attention. Whenever Royalty came smiling to his Thoughts, it was not as cloathed in Purple, or as surrounded by Guards, that kept the World at Distance ; it was not as the Source of Power, the Right of commanding Millions ; but as with Hands at once open to give, and full of Means of giving ; as sued to, not in vain by Merit overlooked, by Virtue in Distress ; as the Means of making Millions, who deserved it, happy.

He had Knowledge without Ostentation : Greatness without Pride : Compassion without Weakness : Whatever is good, and whatever is great, in Human Nature, were united in him ; mutually softening, and exalting one another, both were eminent in every Action, neither was greatest in any. To have been his Counsellor, were to have been his Friend ; to have been his Subjects, were to have been his Children.

THE INSPECTOR. [N° II.]

HE Art of Embalming having been lately
a very general Topic of Conversation, and
the Opinions of those who might be ex-
pected to know most of it, differing ex-
tremely as to the Operation, as well as the Ingredients
necessary to it, it may be agreeable to the Public to
meet with some Account of the Operation here.

The Art seems to have been of *Egyptian* Origin ;
and its Inventors appear to have looked upon it in the
same Light that we do, as a horrible, and almost un-
natural Practice, though the Custom of the Country
rendered it unavoidable. The necessary Cutting of the
Body never failed to excite the Anger and Aversion
of the Relations of the Deceased ; and the Person who
performed that Part of the Operation was treated like
the Hangman with us, despised and pelted, though
for the Execution of what they thought a necessary
and useful Office.

When the Bowels were removed, and as many
Openings made in the more fleshy Parts of the Body,
as were necessary to admit the preservative Ingredi-
ents, the Embalmers washed every Incision and Open-
ing with a rich Wine, impregnated with Balsams and
Spices ; and after this, anointed it with a Mixture of
Balm of Gilead, *Indian Spikenard*, Myrrh, Aloes,
and some other Ingredients, the Names of which are
unintelligible to us at this time : This Operation they
repeated every Day, for thirty Days ; always wash-
ing off the former Quantity with a large Portion of
the

the aromatised Wine, before they applied the fresh Anointing.

At the End of the thirty Days they filled the whole Cavity of the Body, and all the Incisions, with the same Composition rendered drier, by an Admixture of more Myrrh and Spikenard ; they forced a Quantity of it into the Cavity of the Skull, from whence they had before taken the Brain ; and after this last Operation, they bound up the whole Body in Bandages of fine Linen, wetted with a moister Balsam ; and extending over all this another thicker Cloth, they painted on it a Number of Hieroglyphics, and then deposited the Whole in the Vessel in which it was to remain.

Such are the embalmed Bodies, or Mummies, at this time met with in *Egypt* ; but this was too expensive a Method to be general : People of Fortune only could come up to the Price of it, the poorer were suffered to rest with whole Skins, or, at the utmost, were preserved with much less Apparatus, and much cheaper Ingredients.

The *European* Embalmings, of a more modern Date, have been all executed on the *Egyptian Plan* ; but of the many Bodies that have been said to be embalmed, there have been very few regularly treated, or embalmed in a perfect Manner. The taking out the Bowels, and wrapping up the Body with some Spices about it, in Cerecloths, is in general all that has been done.

The Operation, when perfectly performed, is done in this Manner :

The Surgeon, who is charged with the Embalming, first orders his Apparatus, consisting of a Leaden Coffin large enough for the Body, with its several Coverings,

Coverings, a Leaden Cask to contain the Intrails, and a Vessel of the same Metal for the Heart, large enough to hold it when embalmed: These the Plumber is to furnish. From the Apothecary are to come two Kinds of Powders, a coarser and a finer, and a Liniment; and, finally, the Surgeon's Attendants are to lay before him his Case of Instruments, and five Rolls of Linen for Bandages; two of these are to be of three Fingers Breadth, and about four Ells long, for the Arms; two of four Fingers Breadth, and about six Ells long, for the Legs; and the fifth considerably broader and longer, for the Body.

The coarser Powder is to be composed of the Roots of *Florentine Orrice*, Angelica, Calamus Aromaticus, and Zedoary; the Leaves and Flowers of Rosemary, Sage, Hyssop, and Thyme; the Flowers of Roses and Lavender; and the Peels of Oranges and Lemons: All these are to be beaten together, sifted through a coarse Sieve, and mixed with an equal Weight of dried common Salt; the whole Quantity of this Powder is to be about thirty-five Pounds.

The finer Powder is to be about ten Pounds in Quantity, and is to be composed of Myrrh, Aloes, Frankincense, Storax, Benjamin Cloves, Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Pepper, Alum, and Salt Petre, all in equal Quantities. These are to be powdered together, and passed through a fine Sieve.

The Liniment is to be composed of *Cyprus Turpentine*, Liquid Storax, Balsam of *Capivi*, and Balsam of *Peru*; and is to be about three Pounds in Quantity.

Some Gallons of Spirit of Wine, some Bundles of Tow and Cotton, two Ells of Broad Cerecloth, and a Quantity of Cord, finishes the Apparatus. With
all

all these Things in Readiness, the Surgeon begins the Operation in this Manner:

He opens the Body by two great Incisions, one longitudinal, the other cross-wise, and first takes out the Heart, which he puts into a Vessel of Spirit of Wine till he has dispatched the rest: He then strews some of the coarser Powder over the Bottom of the Leaden Cask, which is for the Bowels, and putting in a Part of them, he covers them with more of this Powder; then he lays in the rest, together with the Brain, and all the other Viscera; strewing some of the Powder, at times, between, and covering up the Whole with a Bed of it of an Inch or two in Depth: Over this he finely spreads a thick Bed of Tow; and the Plumber then soldering on the Cover, that Part of the Operation is finished.

The Heart is then embalmed, by filling its Cavities with the finer Powder, covering it with the coarser, and then soldering it up in its Case.

After this, the Cavity of the Skull, and those of the Breast and Belly, are washed with Spirit of Wine. The Skull is then filled with the coarser Powder, and Tow; and before the Scalp is sewed up, some of the fine Powder is thrust in between it and the Skull; and the Seam is afterwards anointed with the Liniment.

The Mouth is then washed with Spirit of Wine, and afterwards filled with the finer Powder, sprinkled on some Tow. The Nostrils and Ears are next washed, and filled with the fine Powder, sprinkled on Cotton; and after this, the whole Head, together with the Neck and Breast, are anointed with the Liniment, and a Quantity of the fine Powder is sprinkled over all, while wet, till no more will stick on;

by
this

this means a Crust of Aromaticks is extended over the whole Head, Neck, and Breast, and these Parts are so far finished.

The Cavity of the Body is next to be filled with the coarse Powder, with the Addition of some Tow; and the Incisions which had been made quite down and across it are to be sewed up, after some of the finer Powder has been thrust in between the Flesh and the Ribs. The Sutures are to be lastly rubbed over with the Liniment, and some of the fine Powder sprinkled over them.

Four Incisions are then to be made in each Arm, from the Shoulder to the Elbow, and as many from the Elbow to the Wrist: These are to reach down to the Bone all the way: They are to be first washed with Spirit of Wine, and then filled with fine Powder. The whole Arms, when this is finished, are to be anointed over with the Liniment, and more of the fine Powder is to be strewed over them: And they are then to be rolled up in their proper Bandages, beginning at the Wrist, and ending at the Shoulder.

The Legs are next to be prepared in the same Manner; only that the Incisions must be more numerous: After these are bound up, the Body is to be turned, and Incisions are to be made in the Back, and all the fleshy Parts; and these are to be then washed and filled with Powder, in the same Manner as those on the Arms and Legs.

When the Incisions are thus all filled, the whole Body is to be anointed over with the Liniment, and the Remains of the fine Powder are to be strewed over it; After this, it is rolled up in the Bandage prepared

pared for that Purpose ; and the Cerecloth being then spread on a Table, the Corpse is laid on it, and folded up in it.

The Cord is after this fastened at the Neck, round which a Ligature is first made, that shews the Shape of the Head, and the Whole is afterwards bound tight together by a Number of Circumvolutions of the Cord. After this, a Linen Shroud is to be drawn on over all, and the Corpse laid in the Coffin : The Remains of the coarser Powder are to be thrown into the Coffin ; and all the Vacuities are to be filled up with sweet Herbs, such as Sage, Rosemary, and the like ; the Lid, after this, is to be soldered on, and the Vessel, with the Heart in it, being placed on the Middle of the Coffin, the Whole is ready for Interment.

THE INSPECTOR. [N^o. 12.]

Jovis omnia plena.

VIRGIL.

*T has been the professed Business of the
I several successive Accounts I have given
* of my Morning's Contemplations to evince,
that every Object that occurs to the Eye,
in its Observation of the Works of Nature, brings
with it a Proof of that greatest and most essential of
all Truths, the Existence of a God : Happy ought
we to esteem it, that we have such abundant Convic-
tion of so important an Article of Belief ; but it had
been yet more happy for us not to have had it, if we
stop here, if we confess ourselves with a cold Con-
fession of the Existence of a Deity, without employ-

ing one Thought farther on the Subject ; without being at the Pains to inquire of our own Reason why he created us, and what it is that he expects of us.

The Sense of our Dependence on others will instruct us in a thousand Duties that we owe to them, without any farther Consideration than that of present Advantage ; but there is, prior to this, prior indeed to all others, a Duty to him whom we have been taught to acknowledge the Sovereign of all ; from a Sense of which it is, that the Social Obligations become, from Prudence, Virtue.

The Man who considers how important an Article of our Lives Religion is, must be shocked at the almost infinite Diversity of Forms under which it appears in different Places. Man's Dependence on some superior Power, is a Truth so evident, indeed, that the blindest, the most barbarous, of all Nations have not missed it ; but when the next great Principle has been wanting, when the sordid Ideas of the Institutions of Worship have not risen to this first Cause as the just Object of it, how wild, how unnatural, how contemptible, have been the Forms they have thrown it into ? The Sun, the apparent Giver of Life to the World, and the poisonous Reptile, the Serpent armed with Death, have been equally raised to the Rank of Deities : The Insect of the Dunghill, and the Pot-herb in the Garden, have been the Objects of the profoundest Veneration : What a Man would trample on in his Path, what he would eat at his Table, he fell on his Knees before in the Place of Worship : Nor is there almost anything so high or so low, so exalted or so mean, so useful or so destructive to Mankind, that has not, at

some

some Period of Time, in some Part of the World, had divine Honours paid to it.

These are, however, the Effects of Superstition only in the lowest Understandings; nor has there been one the least Spot of the Globe where they have been cultivated, into which, at one time or other, a juster Notion of the Deity, and Instructions for a rational Worship of him, have not been carried. In regard to the rest, the more civilized and more enlightened Parts of the World, tho' Worship wears in many things a strangely different Face, there yet are several of the most essential Points in which all People are agreed; the Belief of one Supream God, the Author of all Things; of his Providence and Love towards Mankind, of the Immortality of the human Soul; and of a Reward in a future State for good Actions, and a Punishment for bad ones; is equally acknowledged of all; and as the Consequence of these, Religion, a certain Form and Profession of praying to, of honouring and of serving that God whom they all acknowledge to have the Power of all Things, is as natural, and as universal.

The several Religions in the enlightened Part of the World, are all Branches from this general Root; they have all set out upon the same first Plan; all have established themselves a Credit by holy Mission, by Prophets, and by Miracles; the true by real ones, the false by pretended. They have all had the same apparent Beginning, all the same natural Advantages; all have been humble, little, and followed only by a few at first, and have raised themselves to their succeeding Reputation by the Sanctity, or by the Courage, of their first Professors. All have agreed, that the Deity may be invoked or appeased

by Prayers, by Vows, and Offerings; all have agreed too, that Humiliation, a Sense of our own Weakness, was a first Step towards the obtaining his peculiar Protection; and the true have established little more as necessary to this than the paying a proper Reverence to his Instructions, and to those by whom he has communicated them.

Error never fails to carry what it meets with just and right, beyond those Bounds, into Extravagance and Contradiction: Humiliation could not be established as a necessary Ingredient of Worship by true Religion, but it must be immediately carried by the false ones into Pain and Punishment: Forgetting that God created Men to be happy, these People have attempted to recommend themselves to his more immediate Protection, by making themselves or others miserable: They have devised strange Tortures to address themselves to him, by beating, and even cutting their own Flesh, are among the Number of the slightest of them; and, in general, they seem to have set out upon the Principle, that nothing could be more acceptable to him, than the voluntary Misery and Ruin of his Creatures. How inadequate, how dishonourable, an Idea this of him who created every thing to be happy?

Sacrifices, in general, were evidently of this Origin; those instituted from the immediate Command of his own Mouth, and meant to figure to Men what themselves had incurred, and what Justice required that themselves should suffer, were but few, and had only Beasts for their Objects; Beasts that must have perished otherwise, about the same Time, for the Service of the Table: But no sooner had true Religion established these, than the false ones, to go a Step

Step beyond them, set on foot that greatest of all Horrors to the Imagination, human Sacrifices.

Offenders, whose Lives were forfeit to the Laws of their Country, were the first of these, afterwards Captives in War, after these Natives and Brethren, and, in fine, the very Children of the Sacrificers.

The *Scythians*, for many Ages, sacrificed one of their own Country at certain appointed Periods, under the Pretence of sending him as a Messenger to their God *Xamolxis*, to tell him what they wanted: *Amestris*, the Mother of *Xerxes*, buried alive fourteen of the noblest Youth of the Country, as a single Act of Devotion: The *Carthaginians* and *Gauls* sacrificed, on even trivial Occasions, Children to *Saturn*; and, to add to the Brutality of the Action, made it an essential Point in the Offering, that the Parents should be present: The *Lacedæmonians* whipped their Sons to Death in Adorations of *Diana*, and would not permit them even to seem dissatisfied with Death under such Tortures. The *Turks*, very early after the Death of *Mahomet*, established the cutting and disfiguring themselves, as the great Means of pleasing him: And in the *East Indies*, the first Christian Missionaries found it a constant Custom of the Natives, to cement the Images of Idols with the Blood of Children.

What Idea could the Institutors of these Doctrines have of God, whose Creation of Man could not be esteemed an Act of Kindness, unless he intended him to be happy? Whose bringing all things into Life was but the Effect of his unbounded Beneficence; who has not left the smallest Drop of Water vacant of its Inhabitants, but has filled it with ten thousand Animals; whose Joy in their Existence speaks

speaks as highly in Honour of his Goodness, as their Existence itself does of his Power!

Could these Men, had they viewed his infinite Perfections in this Light, have profaned his Altars with Cruelty? Could they have been mad enough to think to please him with Acts of Injustice and Inhumanity; to render themselves acceptable to him by the blackest of all Crimes? They would have known, that if they had offended him with Crimes, they could not appease him with greater: That if they had awakened his Anger by Robbery, they could not allay it by Murder.

How infinitely juster, even to the Eye of Reason alone, must that Religion appear, that exacts the abandoning only of a Crime as a Proof of the Repentance of it; and that Repentance as the only Means of Pardon: that has now of a long time abolished the very Sacrifice of the irrational Creatures, and that can, even from its earliest Foundation, while yet not perfected to its present glorious Height, answer to the Man who asks what he shall do to appease his offended Creator? whether he shall sacrifice his First-born for his Transgression? the Fruit of his Body for the Sin of his Soul? *He hath told thee, O Man, what thou shalt do, and what hath the Lord thy God required of thee, but to do justly, to love Mercy, and to walk uprightly before him?*

THE INSPECTOR. [No 13.]**To the INSPECTOR.****SIR,**

{} Could wish you would, now and then,
I entertain the Town with a Story taken
from Life, that might have a Tendency
to correct some of those Errors, which
seem to arise from directing our Passions to im-
proper Objects; and I may say there is no Passion which
so often mistakes its Object as Pride; a Truth which
I know much better than I can defend; therefore
I shall make my own Story supply the Place of Ar-
guments on that Head.

You must know, Sir, I was the only Daughter of
a half-pay Captain; my Father had the double Mis-
fortune of being of the younger Branch, and that of a
very poor noble Family; and my Mother was a dis-
tant Relation before Marriage, but had no Fortune.
As they had no more Children than myself, they
spared no Pains or Cost on my Education; and if
my Circumstances were to have been judged by the
Manner in which I was brought up, no one would
have imagined but that I was to have had 5000*l.* at
least to my Portion; but instead of this, I had not
the least Prospect of a Six-penny Piece from any Re-
lation or Friend whatever. My poor Father used
often to comfort himself with saying, that as his *Cleora*
was nobly born, he was resolved she should have an
Education suitable to her Birth. But, alas! when I
was

was about twenty-two, in one Month I lost both Father and Mother, and had nothing to support me but my genteel Education; and nothing to boast of but the Nobility of my Parentage. In this Dilemma I was at a great Loss to know what to do; for as I was bred to no Trade, nor inured to any Service, I seemed to be excluded from the two only Means left me to get my Bread. While I was revolving these things in my Mind, a Maiden Aunt of mine, by my Father's Side, who had for many Years been starving genteely on a small Annuity, very kindly invited me to her House. She was one of those People who cloathed and fed herself with the Thoughts of her Nobility: And as I frequently took Occasion to express my Desire of getting my own Livelihood, either by binding myself to some genteel Business, or by offering to serve some Lady as her Maid, she as often flew in a Passion, and told me, that there had not been a Trade in her Family for these two hundred Years; and that, for her own Part, she had rather see me starve than go to Service. I thought this an odd Way of Reasoning; for, proud as she seemed to be, she was mean enough to sollicit and accept of privite Charities, her Annuity being but fifteen Pounds a Year. She had a Part of a House to herself; her Parlour was elegantly furnished, and her Buffet adorned with several Pieces of old Family Plate; and, I verily believe, she would rather have wanted Bread (which by the by she very often did) than have sold a Tea-spoon that had the Family Arms upon it. But alas! how different was that Part of her Furniture which was out of Sight: For, while her Parlour looked like that of a Princess, her Bedchamber resembled that of a Beggar.

Her

Her whole Conversation was nothing more than a Genealogy of her Family ; and all her Thoughts seemed to be taken up in considering how she should conceal her Poverty, and at the same time convince the World that she was nobly born. In this splendid Distress I spent a Twelyemonth, and heartily tired I was of my Situation ; for my Aunt, though she had too much Pride to let me serve any-body else, suffered me, nay, often obliged me, to do things, which the lowest Maid Servants think beneath them. And while she kindly entertained me on Charity, as she called it, she frequently made Use of my living with her as an Argument to procure Bounties from her Friends. This was a thing I could not bear, and was resolved to leave her at any rate ; but how to do it without Injury to myself was the Difficulty : For from the time I had left the Boarding-School I had contracted no new Acquaintance ; for my Father, to keep up, as he called it, the Dignity of his Family, dressed, and kept a great deal of Company abroad ; so that if my poor Mother and I got the bare Necessaries of Life, we thought ourselves extreamly happy. But here I must inform you, that, in endeavouring to avoid this poor, proud, mean, well-born Lady my Aunt, I narrowly escaped an Evil of a more dreadful Nature ; for as I was young, not ugly, and evidently in Distress, a Gentleman that lodged oposite to us, having, as I afterwards found, fixed on me as a Prey, took an Opportunity, when my Aunt was gone a visiting, or rather begging, seeing me at the Door, artfully to begin an Acquaintance, which a Correspondence soon improved into something like a Friendship. He extorted Complaints from me, seemingly entered into my Distress, pitied me, and

protested that he loved me; and alas! I almost believed him, which I really think, if I know myself, was more owing to my miserable Situation, than any Motive of Liking to him: However, as I thought I could not be more unhappy, I one Day resolved, though I own with Fear and Trembling, to throw myself at once into his Protection, and trust to his Generosity; for this I had promised him, and this I should have certainly done, had I not received a Letter from him that very Afternoon to justify my Fears, and convince me, that instead of a Protector, I had only found a Betrayer; and, to be honest, for the first Moment I can hardly say whether I was more shocked or pleased at this Discovery; but here, in the Height of my Misery from this Disappointment, an Accident of an extraordinary kind relieved me from my Distress. My good Aunt returning home about five, disappointed of a Dinner where she went, desired me to broil the Remains of the Pound of Mutton Chops left the preceeding Day; but as, she said, her Grand-pappa, my Lord ——, was very fond of Shallots with roast Mutton, she ordered me to fetch some, and put a Halfpenny into my Hand for that Purpose; for as she knew the Alliances of her Family for a hundred Years, so she was also particularly acquainted with their respective Tastes, with which she constantly entertained me; and, as I suppose, to prove that People who were nobly born, were formed of different kind of Materials from the Vulger, a thing she herself verily believed. But to go on with my Story; I went on my Errand to the next Herb-shop, where the Woman, who had always taken me for a Servant, thinking I deserved a better Place, gave me a Bill of the Universal Register

ter-Office in the *Strand*, then just set up, which, after reading, unexperienced as I was in Life, I determined to apply to for Relief; and as Distress makes even our Sex bold, I went and entered myself for a Nursery Maid's Place, and by this means, in a Week, I got into a very good Family; nor had I been a Month in my Nursery, before my Mistress discharged her own Maid, and being acquainted with my Story, generously preferred me to attend upon herself. It was now I began to feel a real Joy from the Danger I had avoided from my Lover, and to see that ridiculous Creature my Aunt with the highest Contempt. What a Change of Situation was here! from Pride, Poverty, Idleness, Nastiness and Misery, supported only by the Consideration of being nobly born, to that of being honestly and usefully employed, kindly treated, possessing every Convenience and Comfort of Life, and nothing to rob me of my Happiness, but the Thought of being a Servant. Alas! what a Bugbear has false Pride made Service to our Sex. For my Part, the only Difference I consider between Mistress and Servant is but the Name; for as to Happiness, they are or may be upon a Footing. It is often said, that one Misfortune generally treads upon the Heels of another; but I have never heard the same acknowledged of good Fortune. But this only shews, that the World in general are more ready to complain of what they suffer, than to acknowledge what they enjoy. I am very ready to say I esteem my Removal from my Aunt into Service as a Happiness; as I must say the same of my Removal from that happy Service, to that of marrying a worthy Tradesman; who, though he has no Nobility of Blood to boast, yet,

if Honour is justly defined to be Honesty of Heart, in that excellent Quality he is exceeded by none. I cannot say more than by assuring you I am happy. But, to make you laugh, I must inform you, I received a Letter full of Resentment from my Aunt, in which she charges me with dishonouring her Family by marrying a Tradesman; and that she was resolved not to take any notice of me, do any thing for me, or give me a Morsel of Bread if I was starving. The great Happiness I have found in Perseverance, joined to my Opinion of your Ability, is the Reason why I wish you would write upon this Subject, and persuade all Parents to educate their Children in Proportion to their Circumstances; and to assure all those of my Sex, that labour under the Prejudices of Education, whose Minds are poisoned with false Pride, that Industry generally meets with Success; that in *England* Service is no Slavery; nor is it any Disgrace, but rather an Honour, to any one, be their Birth or Education what it will, to be a Servant when it becomes necessary for their Support; for sure nothing can be shameful that is honest. Do, dear Mr. *Inspector*, root out this false Pride from their Heads, and you will preserve Thousands from Destruction.

I am, SIR,

Your constant Reader,

CLEORA.

THE

and so along I sit and I say now of women
there is none like her, how is it?

THE INSPECTOR. No. 14.

To the INSPECTOR.

SIR,

* * * * PICTETUS somewhere says, that
E whatever Pleasure Men may take in
telling their Dreams, there are very
few who are pleased to hear them; for
my own Part, I must confess I never lent my Atten-
tion to the Dreams of another, but in order to pur-
chase a Hearing for my own. But let *Epietetus*, or
any body else, say what they please, I have had such
an odd Vision lately, I cannot help communicating
it to you; and if you think proper to make a Secret
of it, you have my Consent.

You must know then, Sir, that one Evening last
Week, being fatigued with the Business of the Day,
and just got into my Lodgings, I had filled my
Pipe, and began to reflect with Pleasure, that I
should now enjoy a few calm Hours of domestic
Happiness with my Wife, by my own Fireside, when
the Maid of the House came and told me, that there
was a Gentleman below who wanted to speak with
me: I desired he might walk up. When he entered
the Room, I saw he was a perfect Stranger, and so
impatient was he to communicate his Business, that
I had not time to ask either his Name, or what his
Commands were, before he began in the following
Manner: Sir, though I have not the Honour of being
known

known to you, yet I have the Happiness of being perfectly well acquainted with your Character; and I must tell you, in a few Words, that it is the Soundness of that Judgment which you possess, that has brought upon you the Trouble of my Visit.— You'll excuse me, Sir, I have been dabbling a little — It is true I was bred a Barber, that is to say, a Barber-Surgeon, Sir — But I don't know how it was, I took it in my Head to write a Play, and I have brought it with me, to have your Opinion of it — If you will give me leave to sit down, I'll read it — it is very short, I assure you; and as it is a sort of Lash upon the Times, perhaps it may make you laugh — But I beg you will be so kind as to tell me honestly all the Faults you shall see in it — For my own Part, I think there are some tolerable Strokes in it — But, you know, we Authors are not always the best Judges of our own Works. The Stranger being now out of Breath, I got an Opportunity to tell him, that I was not very well, that I really had no Judgment in those things; but that, at any other time, to oblige him, I would hear it with all my Heart, and much more to the same Purpose; which, indeed, was to no Purpose at all, ; for he soon shut my Mouth, by beginning to read his Play: And sure never was any Creature so pleased with his own Performance as this Author, nor any Wretch so persecuted for three Hours as I was. There were too many Absurdities in the Composition not to laugh sometimes; which, by the Sparkling of his Eyes, I could easily perceive he placed to the Account of his Vanity. When he had finished, he looked up on a sudden, expecting a Plaudite; but observing I was silent, he asked me

with

with a very grave Face, how I liked his Comedy? I told him very honestly, it would not do for the Stage. Upon this, he changed his Politeness into a rough sort of Behaviour; and his high Opinion of me, into a Suspicion of my want of Judgment; and though he had just told me, he had never read it to any-body before, he was so mortified at my Disapprobation of his Performance, that, forgetting what he had said, he assured me he had read it to no less than twenty very sensible Men, from whom he had received the highest Compliments on his Wit and Humour; upon which I observed to him, there was no Possibility of helping the Difference of Sentiments of Men on the same thing; and that *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*, was my constant Rule of acting in this and other Cases. The English of that, if you please, Sir, cried the Author; for you must know, Sir, that I have very little Knowledge of the Latin Language; mine is all pure Nature. Upon which I told him, that I meant nothing more than to say, that it was not my Custom to pin my Faith upon another Man's Sleeve. The noble Author finding himself totally disappointed, left the Room without any other Ceremony than that of wishing me a good Night; which he did with a Countenance as full of Indignation and Contempt as I ever beheld. And to say I was not heartily rejoiced at his Departure, would be Hypocrisy to the last Degree. My poor Wife, who has as much good Sense as I wish to see in any Woman, could not help pitying this poor Man, for exposing himself in such a Manner; and, with her usual Mildness, said, that she thought it would be much better for his Family if he would follow the Business he was bred to. Having

ng thus got rid of our troublesome Companion, we eat our Supper with Comfort, and very soon after retired to Bed; and being heartily fatigued, I soon fell asleep.

If I mistake not, it is *Cicero* who says, that Dreams are the imperfect Traces of our waking Thoughts; which I believe is very true; at least the following Vision seems to justify the Observation. For I was no sooner locked in the Arms of Sleep, but methought I found myself in the Midst of a Croud of different Sorts of People, who were all marching up towards a large Hall. Curiosity made me ask one of my Fellow-travellers, what was the Occasion of this Croud, and whether they were going? who, after he had testified his Surprize of my Ignorance, by a Sneer, told me, that the Building I saw before me was called the *Licensing-Hall*; and that the Croud of People I saw moving that Way, were all Authors, some of them going to shew their Works, and others to receive Answers from the Court, in relation to those Works which they had delivered in the Month before. For he told me that Court sat but once a Month. Good God! thought I to myself, what a learned Age must this be, to produce such a Mob of Authors in one Month! I asked my new Companion if he would go along with me up into the Hall; which he very readily consented to, telling me he had been there several times before, and knew the Forms of the Court. Pleased with this Incident, I marched on with the Croud; and with them got into the Hall: At the upper End of which, in three great Chairs, mounted upon a sort of a Stage, sat three Personages of different Aspects. The one that sat on the Right-hand, as I was informed by my Com-

Companion, was *Learning*, who indeed appeared to be a venerable old Gentleman. He had a Mixture of Harshness and Sweetness in his Countenance, which seemed not a little withered with Age. His Dress was very plain, and, at a Distance, appeared to be covered with Dust; so that at first I took him for some Piece of old *Grecian* Sculpture. The Gentleman who sat in the Middle, I was told, was *Genius*; and a prodigious fine Person he appeared to be. His Looks gave me a perfect Idea of his Cheerfulness, Candor, and Penetration. The third was called *Arts*: A Man of a dull and plodding Aspect. Opposite to these three Judges stood, on a Pedestal, a tall Woman, with a Trumpet in her Hand, who, my Companion informed me, was called *Fame*, and acted as Crier to that Court. Having got as near as I could to the Judges, I sat down, and became a Spectator of what follows.

Genius observing, at the Bottom of the Court, a Baker's Servant, with a large Basket on his Back, and imagining that he was some idle Fellow that was robbing his Master of his Time, beckoned him to come forward, and asked him his Business. The Fellow putting down his Basket, which then appeared to be full of Manuscripts, and pointing to a grave Gentleman that stood behind him, told *Genius*, that his Master there ordered him to bring all those Books before their Worships: Upon which *Genius* desired the Master to come forward, and tell him what those Papers contained. The Master, with great Dignity of Address, and a greater Flow of false *English*, told him, that Basket contained seventeen Volumes in Folio, being Philosophical, Political, and Theological Questions, that had been put up

the last Month at the Speaking Society ; together with all the Speeches which were spoken on every Question ; being accurately digested, each under their proper Heads. Upon this, *Genius* ordered him to read a few of the Questions to the Court ; which he accordingly did ; some of which were so very absurd in themselves, others so presumptuous, and others so infamous, that *Genius* asked who were the hopeful Members of this Society ; to which the Gentleman replied, every one that will ; but chiefly Tradesmen, who came thither to clear up their Doubts in Matters of Morality and Religion ; to improve their Understanding ; and to acquire the Art of speaking well in Public. Upon this, *Genius* declared, that the Questions themselves were in general either scandalous or ridiculous, and that those which were not so, were not proper Subjects of Inquiry for Shoemakers, Taylors, Bakers, and Carpenters ; and it was the Judgment of the Court, that all these Papers should be burnt, as having a manifest Tendency to propagate Infidelity, poison weak Minds with pernicious Doctrines, and to corrupt the Morals and Manners of the Innocent. And the Proprietor of them, though he pleaded hard to have his Papers returned, promising to use them in his own Trade, by placing them under Pies, Custards, &c. it was refused, and himself desired to walk back, that others might have Room to come up. This Gentleman was succeeded by three smart Ladies, in the Autumn of their Beauty, who came to receive an Answer from the Court concerning the Apologies for their Lives, which they had left there last Month. *Genius* told them, that they had better repent than brag of Lives that it was a Shame

to have lived; and their Books were accordingly put upon the Baker's Basket, and destined by the Court to share the same Fate with his Papers. What astonished me was, that this Mortification did not produce one Blush from either of the fair Authors. As they passed by me, my Companion told me, that the first of these Apologists was a Lady of Quality, the second an *English*, and the third an *Irish* Prostitute of Note. These Ladies, who went away laughing, were succeeded by a grave Gentleman, who, with great Confidence of his Abilities, told the Court his Name was *Smallbead*, and that he came for the Answer of the Court concerning the Novel he left there last Month; upon which *Genius* told him, that, until he understood more of Human Nature, and could distinguish better between Satire and Scurrility, he could not have the Leave of the Court to print again. Upon this four Volumes were added to the Baker's Basket, to the no small Mortification of Mr. *Smallbead*; who, turning on his Heel, threatened Vengeance on the Court. Here *Fame* placing her Trumpet to that Part which expresses Infamy, with harsh jarring Discords, played him out of Court. Here a very formidable Figure in a *Highland* Dress, with Durk and Pistol by his Side, who called himself Mr. *Macduff*, bag'd Lave to acquaint the Coort, that Mester *Smallbeed* was not a *Scotsman*, notwithstanding he was thought so; nor did he ken of what Contry he was. The next Person that appeared at the Bar, was one whose Dress bespoke him a Gentleman, while the Instrument under his Arm proclaimed him a Boot-catcher; for there he had a Jack of a very curious Make, and what *Gimcrackiani* call *Multum in parvo*; for, addressing

himself to *Arts*, he displayed the many Uses of this ingenious Instrument. In the first place, it was *one Jack*, then it was *two*, then it was a Pair of Snuffers, then it was a Pair of Nut-crackers; in the next place an Ink-horn, a Book-stand, a Cribbage-board, a Candlestick, a Joint-stool, a Salt-seller, a Case-knife, and at last a Jack again. *Arts* told him, that the Invention had more of Curiosity than Use in it; and that that Court gave no Encouragement to any Invention, whose chief End was not to benefit, rather than amuse Mankind; and advised him to take it back, and present it to the R. S. or else place it upon the Baker's Basket; but he chose the former. A young Lady came next to the Bar, and presented to *Learning* a Translation of *Virgil*; and desired, at the same time, the Opinion of the Court concerning that Treatise of Philosophy she left last Court-day. *Learning* told her, that *Latin* was a Language not proper for the Study of Women; and that her Treatise of Philosophy was, in the Language of the Court, *Galimatia*. He checked her very gently; told her she had great Merit in her own Sphere; politely returned her two Books; and directed her to those Pursuits which had always been esteemed the Ornaments of her Sex. A venerable Physician presented a political Pamphlet, which was entered, with Promise of an Answer next Court-day. A Divine next presented one of *Shakespeare's* Plays, altered by himself, which *Genius* committed to the Basket, telling him, that an Alteration of *Shakespeare* was a Liberty to be allowed to no Man. Some few, it is true, had been indulged to write Notes upon his Works; but even that, for the future, would not be allowed. An Officer in the Army

Army presented the Court with a Sermon of his own writing, which, without Examination, made a Visit to the Basket; a smart Citizen, a Comedy; a Brick-layer brought a Tragedy; an Actor, a Farce; nay, *Harlequin* too was turned Author, and presented the Court with a Pantomime Entertainment; which were all entered to be considered. Great Numbers of Epigram and Sonnet Writers brought more Food for the Basket. These were followed by a vast Number of Magazines, Poems, Essays, and such like Productions, that were presented to the Court; some of them were received, and others placed to the Basket's Account. When this Pomp was dispersed, a grave Gentleman advanced, and desired his Answer to a new Performance called *The Rambler*: For which ingenious Undertaking he received the Compliments of the Court, and was desired by Genius to go on with the Work. This Author modestly retreated, fulfilling the Observation of Dr. Young;

*Detect'd Worth, like Beauty disarray'd,
To Covert flies, of Praise itself afraid.*

As he walked across the Hall, Genius ordered *Fame* to blow just Praise; and well might Mr. Pope call this the sweetest Music to an honest Ear; for in an Instant the whole Court was filled with most heavenly, most enchanting Harmony; and it was recommended to him to cultivate an Acquaintance with the *Inspector*.

It would be endless to speak of the great Variety of Authors that appeared. The two last that I thought worthy Notice, was an Attorney and a Surgeon;

geon; the former of which had brought the Model of a Plough to sow Turnip-seed; and the latter had invented a curious Bit for a Bridle: They were both entered by *Arts*, and promised their Answers. These two being dispatched, they were succeeded by a Couple of Men, who came up to the Bar, one in the Dress of a Cook, the other with the Badge of a Carpenter. But my Companion soon undeceived me, by informing me, that one of these was a Journeyman Pastrycook, the other a Trunk-maker's Servant, who came to purchase those Books which were not destined to be burnt. The Business of the Court being now over, and the Hall empty, the three Judges arose from their Chairs, and descended the Steps, when *Fame* on a sudden blowing the Trumpet, put an End to my Dream; and now I am wide awake, I shall take my Leave, by subscribing myself,

Your's, &c.

F I N I S.



